

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumi

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 4

Translated by Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Meter 4
Bahr-i Muzari
Ahrab-i Mekfut

archegos



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Echo Publications

Lake Isabella, California, United States

Divan-i Kebir

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Translator's Note

As more meters come out in print, the magnificent beauty of the Divan appears like a majestic mountain rising from the mists of centuries.

We not only read about Mevlana's unmatched love of God and his feelings toward Shems of Tebriz, but also the daily life of the thirteenth century. Mevlana mentioned many social and political events of his time in the Divan.

Since most of the gazels were recited on some special occasion we witness the marriage of his son, Sultan Veled and the birth of his grandson Sultan Ulu Arif Celebi as well as earthquakes, Mongol invasions, Selcuks; rulers and ordinary people in his close circle of friends.

Another very interesting fact comes out of his own writing - about his age. He mentioned several times in the Divan that he was well over sixty when he met Shems and Shems was also sixty or maybe seventy. This opens a serious doubt about the date of his birth of 1207.

I would like to mention some of these points, starting from Meter 1 and will continue to do so to the end of the Divan.

Meter 1

Gazel XX is the gazel which he recited at the wedding of his son, Sultan Veled. (Eflaki-Menakib-al Arifin Tahsin, farsi, Istanbul University 1231 p.33,136a, T.Yazici: Translated to Turkish by Maarif Vekil-1953-54 11, 165).

Gazel CLI was recited after his grandson Ulu Arif was born. (Eflaki - same book - P. 208, 160b; 11-284)

CLXII was said to Kalib-al esrar Fahreddin Sivasi. He was one of the Secretary of Secret who had been assigned to follow Mevlana and take notes from his recital of poems. According to Eflaki, he apparently became insane and was hospitalized because he intentionally changed some of the verses. (Same book 45.b-46 1-259.)

Meter 2.

LXXX - 10th verse. He recited this verse during his last illness.

LXXXIII - According to Eflaki, this is his last poem, recorded by Husameddin Celebi. (P.313 111 . 9, 11-13-14)

Meter 3.

CCXXXIII-CCXXXIV was recited after Shem's first departure from Konya. (Golpinarli-Divan V2-3)

I,LVI was recited after Shems second arrival in Konya. (Golpinarli-Divan V.II-3)

CLXXXII-CXC was recited, most likely, after Shems' death. (Golpinarli - Divan V2-3)

XXIX-XLIX are the poems of his friendship with Selahaddin Zerkubi.

Meter 4

VI - Terci'i Bend. According to Golpinarli this could be one of the earliest poems of Mevlana.

XII - was recited on a day of bairam (religious holiday) Manakib-al Arifin, Istanbul University - Farsi 1231-108b.

LXXXI - LXXXIII was recited after he found that Shems wanted to leave Konya.

XLVI was recited after news from Shems in Damascus.

CXXXVIII was recited after Shem's departure.

CI recited after Shems death. Mevlana thought he had left for Tebriz.

LXXVIII the fifth verse mentions thirty years of longing and ask that this thirty years doesn't become forty. Shems's death in 1247 and Mevlana's death in 1273 is twenty-six plus years. (Golpinarli - Divan 11-4.

Our commitment is to publish two or three Meters from the Divan, which has 21 Meters, every year.

We also plan to print the same amount of Selected Poems from the Meters in English and German.

I hope this will satisfy the thirst of Mevlana lovers around the world.

Nevit O. Ergin
Valencia, CA



Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.



Mef'ûlû, Fâilâtû Mefâilû Fâilât

First page, Gazel 1, Verse 2246 (shown opposite in English) of Bahr-i Muzari Ahrab-i Mekfut, Divan-i Kebir (c.1368), registered at the Mevlana Museum in Konya, Turkey.

Mef'ûlû, Fâilâtû Mefâilû Fâilât
represents the rhyme scheme of the meter.

archegos

1.

Verse 2246

Page 102 of original Divan

What is the Turkish name of Suttur? Say camel.
What's the name of its calf, which runs behind?
That's the young camel, Koshek.

We are also the sons of fate and destiny.
Everybody's mother is fate and destiny. We keep
Running after fate and destiny, like children.

We were nursed by that. Either it flies to the East,
To the West or ascends the sky. We are after that.

The drum is beaten for the journey.
Let's ask for help, for the Grace of God,
And make the right start on the road.

We are company to the moon-faced
One in the town as well as on the desert;
Souls become slaves and servants
To that moon face.

Isn't there a place where the Sultan of Soul pulls us?
That's where the town is.
Isn't there a place where God calls us?
That's where the house is.

If He is Kible, if we turn our face to Him
The road won't be long. The desert becomes small.
We don't mind the journey. Everything will be
Green like the garden of Cypress.

Even the mountain in front of us will bend down.
Greetings, O one who is on the
Journey toward the Source of Greatness.

As long as He is our guide, this field
Of stones on our way turns into ground as soft as silk.

We run like a shadow behind that Moon.
O travelers on the same road with
Similar hearts, come and walk with us.

That brave man who doesn't
Hurt anybody gives the heart
As company for the road, because
Heart is quick, agile and speedy.

Heart goes to Egypt without boarding a ship,
Arrives at Mecca without joining a caravan.

God's secret doesn't manifest in the body.
Because of the lameness of the body, that blessing
Appears only in the heart because of it's agility.

But there is such a body that becomes
The same color as the soul. It turns into water
And soil for the Sultan of Soul.

But if souls see a body like that they become amazed
And say, "Look at that black soil,
He went beyond us and became a sultan.
He turned out to be the one who is followed."

Here is someone to be followed.
If we step in the place before him,
Where he has already arrived,
We fall into confusion and burn out.

We were not expecting this.
We kept blaming him.
O poor one, don't look down on anyone.

We are on the road. We have flown inside the rose,
In the essence of Reyhan¹ like water,
To make the barren land become green with grass.

The ground has no feet, no hands.
It's heart is burning with thirst.
Because of that, rivers and creeks run toward it.

The water wheel will keep bringing water
Because it is nursing it's children,
It's plants and flowers.

This pulling has attracted us from the town of soul
And, through hundreds of stages,
Has brought us to the land of absence.

Now and then, envoys come openly, or secretly,
From the town of soul, inviting us to,
"Come, come to your close ones.

You now have new friends. You left us.
You may be happy without us,
But we can't do without you."

My hodja, your sadness and your sorrows,
Come from the sadness of your friends.
To whomever you become a friend,
He has left you.

Be silent, their zeal is still with you.
Their efforts are saving you from troubles.



2.

Verse 2271

Night has gone, but things come
To mind that are not finished.
We can't tell them all,
But we should tell them one by one.

I swear to God, that long road,
From the time of Adam until now,
Has not been shortened.
It won't be shortened until resurrection day.

But it looks like it is about to be finished.
The traveler asks the Turk, "How much road is left?"
The Turk answers, "Isbu".²

By that, the Turk means to give you encouragement,
To speed you on your journey.

How could he stop you and ask you to stay
At the stage where there is still road to go?
To stop here is like dying.

He is so kind, so generous.
He would give his life for you.
But if he stops you from your journey
You will get into trouble.

Don't think badly about the Turk.
Don't blame him. Don't be obstinate like a Hindu.
Run, O companion of the road. Run.

There, all friends and relatives
Are anxiously awaiting you.
They put three horseshoes in the fire.

O loyal friend, if you are for the kind
And the munificent, how come this
Clear water goes through your throat?

They will make you bitter
Even if you are submerged in honey.
If you become friendly with someone
Loyal, he will torment you.

Be silent. Keep going on the road
And make this known. The water
Kept the stranger's head whirling
Like a mill stone.



3.

Verse 2282

O cupbearer, who offers wine,
Come give wine. Our cup is empty.
Fill it with that love's wine.

O perfect beauty, O friend of complete
Greatness and favor, my body
Is the cup to me. Your love is the wine.

There is no lover who could see your face
For one moment and not suffer from
Your troubles; be melted down.

O full moon, even death is beautiful,
When I am with you, but you don't kill.
To reach you is to be saved from trouble.

When your love sings praises, it seems that
Pigeons and doves repeat it's words,
And coo in my heart.

You kindly offered me that beautiful wine
So that my heart became purified and shone.



4.

Verse 2288

*E*very day, at early dawn, that sultan,
And the secret of the one who has
The consent of God, sit together there.
I say, "Greetings to both of you."

Heart is settled at his temple,
Expecting that sultan to scatter gold and gifts.

Soul has drunk from the cup of wine and passed out
Until judgment day. Heart has been putting our share
On the table of our body, time by time, and saying,

"The hand of Love's Jesus offers happiness
To every dead one and health
To every sick one from that share.

With that share, the garden
Of drinks will have leaves
And become green and adorned.
The harp, which is bent over, will gain melodies."

Body is dancing with "ten-ten" beats.
Soul has already gone to the land of Absence;
Is ruined and is falling to the ground.

Dungeons became heaven from the sound
Of love's reed flute. The judge of reason
Became drunk at the bench of judgment.

They came to ask the teacher of reason,
"From where did this instigation
Come to the Muslim world?"

The jurist of universal intelligence answers saying,
"Whether you deem it proper or not,
This moment is the moment of resurrection.
The last day of judgment is here."

Souls who became jewelers,
Scatter souls like pearls, like coral from the sea of Absence.

Preachers of love came to the place of festivity
With Zulfekaar,³ and started praising that Sultan.

The purest of the pure had the desire to see him;
To sit at the door of the palace with the doorkeeper.

If He looks at them through the opening of the curtain,
So many yells and screams of love
And, "How are you?" would be heard.

He wanted to give light and glory to the sky,
But His chest, which resembles Mt. Sinai,
Could not fit the sky.

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Those four elements resemble
The boiling kettle that overflows.
There is no constancy in fire or soil;
No quietness in water or air.

Time by time earth gets the urge
To cover itself with green dresses.
Sometimes water becomes air
And ascends to the sky with that love.

Water is colored by red and turns into fire,
Then fire becomes air and goes into space.

Four poles, four elements walk square to square
Like chess men, but this moves with the love
Of the Sultan, not simple play like yours.

O one who doesn't know anything, walk toward
The pure clear water so its purity and clarity
Can clean your cloudiness, your dirt and dust.

Because water looks for cleanliness, that cleanliness
Could only happen if you reach the sea of light.

If you turn your face from man,
Who is not separated from God,
You eat stone, like a devil, from the hand of God.

Yes, man is not God.
But it is God's usual custom that He
Manifest the secret of greatness in man.

If you prostrate in front of man
With heart, soul and body,
It is by God's order, not pretension.

You turn your face from Kible.
Wherever you turn, that place
Becomes Kaaba in your heart.

I cannot put myself together on the road.
How could my faithful friends gather
Themselves because of me?

O Heart, the wall of the house is built by putting
Stones on top of each other. After that,
People gather inside of the house.

How could I put myself together now that
God's Shems, who is the head of every
Great gathering, has settled down at Tebriz?



5.

Verse 2315

O man, come back to our door,
Hear the voice of "return" from our hearts.

O bare-footed man, we open the gate
Of the rose garden for you.
Why do you go to thorn bushes? What is this?

Soul, I created them, gave them trouble.
The One who gives trouble also gives relief.

Go to the garden of love if you want to have
The stature of a cypress, because
That hunchbacked fate bends your back here.

There is such a garden, such a meadow,
That it's leaves are alive.
They talk, so do the branches.
A garden without soul doesn't add soul to Soul.

O young, fresh Son of life,
How do you do with the smell of death?
Doesn't death bother you?

Both worlds are filled with the one
Who is eternally alive and gives life to all.
Don't be separated from us with
Contempt of these five days of life.

Every one of these innumerable particles are like soul,
Moving like the sun in the sky of greatness.

They were also a bat, like us, earlier,
But with His kindness and grace,
A bat became the sun.

Love's Sufis, tear your mantles.
Even the rose has torn hundreds of mantles
Because of the early morning breeze.

The rose has lost its patience and decision
Because it is separated from the
Beloved and afflicted with thorns,

Somebody showed his face from the land of Absence,
Sent his invitation, then disappeared.
Just before that he said, "This is a short distance,
Even if you don't have feet and have to walk."

I became silent. I went after the rose and gave
My regards to the tulips and sweet basil.

Heart is full of words, but it is hard to tell them all.
O soul of Sufis, open your lips. You tell our stories.

Tell about the situation which has not yet appeared.
To talk about the past is not a Sufi custom.

If the purse is not tightened, if the thief tears it,
How could money be contained in this purse?
None of the silver would stay there. It would slip out.



6.

Verse 2331 Tercî- Bend

Drunkeness, being in love, youth and our Beloved,
Nevruz⁴ spring and green all keep calling, "Come here."

The eyes of the world have never seen
Spring like that. Rare and precious things
Are growing in the mountains and valleys.

There is an houri leaning on every tree.
If you have the power to see, watch them.

Flowers are drinking cups of Soul's wine.
Look, they are calling you.

If you haven't seen wine drinking,
At least enjoy watching them.
Bravo, O flower, Hello, O wine.

The iris is saying to the bud,
"How come you stay asleep, wake up, jump."
There are candles, beauty and wine.
There is flirting and instigation.

Sweet basil and tulips hold wine cups in their hands.
Where does this offer come from?
Is it from anyone else but God?

Everybody is poor and somber, except God.
They look rich on the surface
But down deep they frown.
Everybody is dark and poor.

It doesn't make sense to beg from a beggar.
He drinks one drop of wine and becomes drunk like us.

Hyacinth bends down to the ear of the rose
And says, "The shadow of God always stays over us."

Last year we threw off our mantles. Remember?
Two or three mantles are worth nothing.
We offer our life to Him.

He said, "O one who gave the old mantle,
All this is nonsense and mean talking;
All these stingy people's eyes would be
Blind seeing that new mantle. Take it."

Every sultan gives a turban,
This one offers wisdom and reason.
This Sultan donates endless souls.

O smiling rose garden, walk,
Rain the cloud of gratitude.
He will tell the rest of the Terci. Be patient.

O one who rains mercy hundreds of thousands of times;
God's compassion gives new kindness
And grace every moment.
Give praise to that beautiful face.
I pray that it never fades for a moment.

All the faces of the beauties are a curtain to that face.
Once that charmer uncovers his face,
The rest of them will disappear.

How could Venus shove its face in front of sunlight?
How could a fly attack a storm?

How happy that spring is that Your wind blows.
How glorious that disciple is that
You are his intention.

I came to order at the presence of
A beloved one moment with your love.
He brought a golden crown and put it on my head.

His heart will be clean and his faith will be purified.
The one who undresses from his being dives in the ocean.

Would the one who girds himself with honesty
And truth be afraid of defeat and troublemakers?

The one who relies on your loyalty,
Becomes exalted and steps on that roof
Which stands with no pole and no support,

"His previous and future sins are forgiven."⁵
Your blessings won't be diminished.
He won't afflict bad luck, won't return to
His old shape, won't be deprived of your blessing.
He is sure of all of them.

Earth becomes entirely green because the head
Of water carriers offers a fountain of life
To people of our time.

The destiny that past centuries wanted to see
In their dreams was given to the people of our time.

Not to the one who has a long finger and eats halva,
But to the one who deserves Keykubad⁶.

The sea of God's compassion is so full and has become
So rough that every moment the waves are saying,

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"This is the essence of spring,
At the same time, it is spring."
We come to the third Terzi, put your
Mind in your head; listen to the story.

Night came, everybody was running to their houses.
At the time of night's Namaz,⁷ a new day appeared.

A Soul came to help and educate the souls.
All the souls are His shadow.

He puts the saddle and girth on his horse in order
To free the people from this narrow place, this jail.

The ties of grief and the trap of sorrows,
Which block the people's way,
Have been removed every moment,
But the one who does this is not apparent.

Open your chest to the early morning breeze
So death will come back to life;
So freshness will come to old dried bones.

If you don't believe it, go and see in the
Garden how that soil has tasted a drop
Of wine from the wind of early dawn.

If cruelty has locked your heart, now they
Are playing the drum; announcing
That the key came to open your heart.

They blame the hope of lovers, but the sea won't
Become dirty from the mouth of those dogs.

This is a holiday for Sufis, these food trays are
Evidence of that. But even if there is no tray,
Nothing would be lost from the holiday.

This is the end of the Bazaar.
Come to your senses, let's see what you bought,
Lucky one who traded beads for pearls.

He has seen the truth about illusionary goods⁸
So he chose the love of the beloved
And acquired that peerless pearl.

You have a wonderful Muselles⁹ . Drink it.
It is good for you. Happy is the one who drinks at
The tavern of eternity and creeps and crawls there.

Every moment, there is a new spring, a new wine.
The soul of the drunk tears his dress
A thousand times, like the rose.

I have seen the love who had the glass in his hand,
Saying, "Greetings from our assembly to the lovers,"

O friend, the flag of your love flies forever,
Never comes down. The one who doesn't have
Love is lost and deprived.

The wind of Your love is calling from the essence
Of all existence, "My greatness brought you
Back to life. My greatness is greater than great."

Love is the foundation, the essence of our lives.
The one who runs away from love and goes to
The other shady place is the one who is deprived.

How lucky is the one who could read them; such writings
Have been written on the face of the lover.

O one who is submerged in all this trouble
And is frowning, for God's sake watch me
And listen to my words.

O one who follows the desire of self, lowers his mind
And falls down; be sure that the fastest way to ascend
To exaltation is to lower the Self.

O one who was involved with the beloved and forgot
His livelihood, God is more than enough for support,
For a defender for you.



7.

Verse 2380

Spring came boasting to our side,
Friends have settled down right
Here in our home with a smile.

Be purified and honor Him.
Come in with good news to the Beloved.
Drink our wine.

The one who wants to have treasure
And pearls, has to row the boat
To the middle of the ocean.



8.

Verse 2383

Spring came happily; our beloved came to our arms
With hundreds of thousands of bales of sugar.

That moon came to wake us up from the drunkenness of
Rose-colored wine. Soul is enlightened from that moon.

Welcome O cypress of our rose garden,
Green grass of our tulip garden.
You arrived in such a royal way.

Shine and glitter O moon. Have a long life. Enlighten
Us at the jungle of this earth for hunting. Be eternal.

The sea praises and overflows, saying,
"You are as a peerless pearl."
The mountain roars, "O friend of our cave."

O day of assembly, our cupbearer, who offers donations
Like seas; O male lion of the battle's day;
Our Zulfekaar!¹⁰

How are you in that foreign land on this lonely journey?
Let's go together to our land.



Verse 2390 ¹¹

*W*e cannot be satisfied with jugs and jars.
Take us to our river.

Have our drunken minds and restless hearts reach
The peace of the fairy face who stays at the fountain.

The sun is the only thing remaining as a
Gift for us from His face. The moon has
Melted and disappeared like us, with His love.

O brightness of our mornings,
O charming beauty who cheers our morning wine drinking!
O the glory that comes to us, one after the other!

You are very drunk, completely out of yourself.
Even so, don't refuse to drink more, because our
Drunkenness, our wine is well worth whatever you say.

Pick up the glass which is filled with
Fire and shines like the sun.
Drink as you look at the face of our sultan.

That one's work stayed unfinished.
My heart has also become idle.
But the one who is our work
And occupation will do that work.



9.

Verse 2397

One who has separated and stayed away from
His home, his town; welcome back from
The journey from God's house.

In order to visit the Kaaba,
To see the face of Mohammed,
You have walked without
Provisions day and night.

You rubbed your face on God's house of kible.
You entered the House of God.
You reached the secret of "One who
Enters finds mercy and salvation."¹²

How have you survived on the road full of danger?
God saves people from all kinds of danger.

The sound of "Lebbeyk"¹³ of pilgrims in the sky
Reaches the throne of God. The sky is full of humming.

O you who have seen Merve, have climbed Safa.¹⁴
Soul kisses your eyes and puts his head at your feet.

You have been a guest of God. He promised
To take care of those who became His guest.

Soul would become soil at the feet of the
Camel which carries the pilgrim to the
Stages of Mesar-al Haram and Mina.¹⁵

He came back from pilgrimage
But his heart stuck at the door of Kaaba.
His body is inflicted with troubles here.

The ones who come from Damascus
At Zat Cuhje and the ones from Basra
At Zat-al Arak are covered by coffins.¹⁶
They have only a sword.
"Our God, we are directed to You." they say.

You turned seven times around Kaaba.
Come to Makam,¹⁷ and do two Rekat¹⁸ Namaz.

Climb the hill of Safa, put your face
Down to the ground, say Tekbir.¹⁹
Exalt God, tell of His uniqueness. Pray.

Then climb Merve and do the same thing there.
Repeat seven times. Afterwards,
Come back to Kaaba and do Tavaaf.²⁰

On the day of Terviye²¹ listen to the
Eloquent sermon, then come to Arafat.²²

Come and stay near the mountain.
Spend the night there. Stay until morning.

Then turn your face to Mina. Afterward,
Pick up seven stones and throw them.²³

Greetings from us to Hafin²⁴ and Rukn.²⁵
How thirsty we are for Zemzem,²⁶
That house of loyalty.

We wake up one morning, the morning breeze
Brings the smell of the separation of Mecca
From the stage place of Abraham.



10.

Verse 2415

You took my sleep away, O Moon,
Take the cover from your face so the sun can
Prostrate in our presence, with thanks.

I hold your skirt. You twist my arm.
I take my hand off now,
But don't turn your face from faithfulness.

"Don't rush," you said,
"Hurrying is the devil's work."
The devil is the one who doesn't
Come to you without rushing.

I say my God, wouldn't that be a day when
I would see myself praying at His temple?
All my desires, thousands of "My Gods"
Are waiting for an answer.

Fiery souls have fallen into the fire.
Hearts, who are thirstier than soil,
Have pitchers in their hands, asking for water.

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Pity the soil. It is the one among the four elements
That rolls and changes from one shape
To the other without hands or feet.

Once he becomes light and impatient,
He takes a few steps toward the clouds, limping.
That's his fastest, quickest move.

These steps of that lame one makes lightning laugh.
Soft-spoken thunder feels pity and helps him.

Cloud tells the water carriers to get up,
Run to the thirsty of the earth,
Save them from trouble.

Assuming I did not say these words,
Don't you get the smell of burned heart?

And then a cloud-like water carrier
Comes and spreads wine-filled jars,
Pitchers and sacks over the world.

Be silent. Look for the treasure of love at the ruins.
This treasure grows, in the spring, in run-down places.



11.

Verse 2427

*L*ove has ruined my heart.
It is about time for the sun to shine on my broken heart.

That sultan has prayed for me,
Then he accepted his own prayer.
When I heard that, I became so ashamed,
I lost all control and fell to the ground.

In order to calm me down,
He showed His face many times,
But I told Him, "Every time I
Looked at Your face it was covered.
All I saw on Your face was the cover.

Even the light of that cover burns the universe.
What would happen if that Sultan uncovered His face?

Love met me, then passed by. I ran after.
He turned back to attack, like an eagle,
And swallowed me in one bite.

When He swallowed me I lost time and place.
I plunged into a most pleasant sea
And was saved from sorrow and torment.

The one who hasn't eaten and digested the morsel
Of grief wouldn't know the taste of this wine.

Prophets depend on that and drink trouble like juice,
With that trust; because water is never afraid of fire.



12.

Verse 2435

*T*hat moon, the one that fortune has never seen,
Rose again and flamed the fire
Which can never be extinguished.

Look at the house of body. Watch the soul.
This one is drunk with the wine of love,
The other has fallen to the ground.

When the tavern keeper became a friend of my heart,
My blood turned into wine with love.
My lungs were roasted.

Once my eyes are filled with His image, a voice comes,
"What a beauty you are O glass.
How wonderful you are, O wine."

Shemseddin's face, whom Tebriz praises,
Is such a sun that hearts will follow,
Will run behind him, like clouds.



13.

Verse 2440

O harp, I want the mode of Isfahan.²⁷
O reed flute, I want to have a nice wail
Which burns and burns.

Start a nice melody in the mode of Hicaz.²⁸
I am a bird of Hoopoe,
I want the whistle of Solomon.

Take gifts from the mode of Irak to Ussak,
Because I desire Rast and good melodies from Buselik.

Go into Huseyni, because Maye²⁹ said,
"I want the melodies from my small and large ones."

You put me to sleep with the mode of Rehavi.
Wake me up with the mode of Zengule.
That's what I want now.

This knowledge of music is like making Shahadet.³⁰
Since I believe, I want to pronounce my belief.
I want to make Shahadet.

O Love, break up the mind, let it go.
O Love, I want perplexed, subtle points.

O beautiful wind, you are coming from
The garden of love, stay a moment with me.
I want the smell of the rose garden.

Under the light of the Beloved,
Forms of beauties are seen.
I want to watch the face of the Beloved.
I want to see them.



14.

Verse 2449

Show your face. I want to watch
The meadow and the rose garden.
Open your lips, say something,
I want lots of sugar and honey.

O sun of beauty, appear one moment from behind
The cloud. I want to see that gleaming, sparkling face.

I have heard the sound of drums from the air around you.
I am a falcon. I come again.
I desire the hand and arm of the sultan.

"Go away," you said, "don't
Hurt me any more with your coyness."
The words, "Don't hurt me anymore."
I want those words again.

"Go away, the sultan is not at home," you said.
And then you drove me away.
I want that rude refusal of the doorkeeper.

There are pieces cut off from the source of
Beauty in everybody's hand. But I want
The whole mine, the treasure of Beauty.

The water and bread of this fortune
Resemble an unreliable creek.
I am a fish. I am an alligator. I want the ocean.

I keep saying what a pity, how sorry.
Like Jacob, I want the beautiful face of Joseph of Canaan.

Really, this town is like a jail for me without you.
I want to climb the mountains and go to the valleys.

I am tired of these slow, cozy friends.
I want God's lion, Zaloglu Rustem.³¹

I am bored with the Pharoah and his cruelty.
I want the glory of the face of Moses, son of Imran.

I am sick of these crying, complaining,
Wailing people I want to hear
The yells and shouts of drunks.

I would sing better than a nightingale,
But because of people's envy I seal my mouth.
Yet, I want to scream so much.

Yesterday, the sheik was running around
The city with the candle in his hand,
Saying, "I am tired of devils and giants.
I am searching for man."³²

"We also searched for him," they said,
"But couldn't find him." He answered,
"The one I want is the one you can't find."

I am broke but I don't want a small piece of agate.
I desire peerless and, at the same time,
A cheap mine of agate.

The invisible source of eyes and sight;
I want this art of obvious secret.

In any case, things are all over now.
I am through with desires and greed all together.
I am looking for the footprints of the elements
In the world of place and existence.

My ears have heard the story of fate, have become drunk.
I want to see the beautiful eyes of faith.

I hold the wine glass in one hand,
The other is in the beloved's curly hair.
I want to dance like that at the square.

That rebab³³ is saying, "I am dying by waiting,
I want the hand, arm and bow of Osman.³⁴"

I am also love's rebab. My love resembles
The love of rebab. I want God's favor
Of the bow and kindness of the plectrum.

O courteous, graceful player,
You finish the rest of this gazel.
But do it the way I want and desire it.

O Shems, to whom Tebriz gives praises,
Rise from the East. I am the hoopee,
I want the temple of Solomon.



*I*t is a precept that the lover must search for,
And tell about, the Beloved. The lover must flow
To the river of the Beloved like a torrent,
With his head face down.

As a matter of fact, He is the one who asks and desires.
We are like shadows.
All our talks, our conversations belong to the Beloved.
In reality, He is the One who does the talking.
He tells about Himself.

Sometimes we go to the creek of the Beloved,
Like a cascading, running stream.
Sometimes we fill the jar of the Beloved,
Like water, and stay still there.

Sometimes we are boiled down like
Water in a cooking pot.
He stirs us with a skimmer.
That's the habit of the Beloved.

He puts His mouth to our ear,
Keeps saying something in order
To have our soul get the smell the Beloved.

He becomes Soul to the soul.
It is impossible to be separated from Him.
I haven't seen any enemy of the Beloved in this world.

He will melt you, weaken you with coyness
And coquetry. You'll become as slim as a hair.
But still you won't change one hair of
The Beloved of two worlds.

We sit with the Beloved. We stay with Him
Even though we are looking for Him.
We call, "Where are You?
Where are You?" in our drunkenness.

Bad thoughts and illusions all come
From our lousy nature.
It is not from the Beloved.

Be silent. He praises Himself.
Where are your worries and troubles?
Where are His?



16.

Verse 2483

*I*t is like a life for us to see your face
Since early dawn. Today, your beautiful
Face became much more beautiful.
How nicely you catch our hearts.

You have a different beauty on your face today.
Whatever that crazy lover does; it is worth it today.

After seeing you, the one who was
Advising me yesterday apologized today.

I don't have enough eyes,
I should have hundreds more.
I could borrow from someone.
But who has eyes able to see You?

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For several days my heart has had a funny feeling.
It seems that I would have the good luck to reach
The Kingdom on a day like that.

If I say, "This is human." I am shamed by love.
If I say, "This is God." I become afraid of God.

My eyebrows keep twitching; my heart beating rapidly.
I didn't know I would be destined for such glory.

I move more than trees in this garden and meadow
Because I am the tree of fortune and glory.
The morning wind breezes through my head.

What would happen to the tree to which
You gave leaves? How is the stranger on whom
The bird of good luck nestles his head?

Out of obstinacy to the blind, who says the shadow
Is separated from the tree; we are wandering
Around the shadow of Your sun.

Soul yells and screams saying, "What a fiery love."
Since He stayed with you,
The fountain of life is also with Him.

When your specter is passing by heart's neighborhood,
Heart comes out of the door asking, "Where is Soul?"

Earth would be illuminated and adorned so much from
The moon that when you look at the ground you'll see
A thousand of the planet Venus and a thousand Suns.

Look through the window of my heart,
Shine like a Sun there. So the sky won't
Say, "That moon has no loyalty."

My neck is bent with grief.
That's why my words are coming out twisted.
But I am straight like an arrow with Your love.
That's the whole truth.

The picture of Tebriz is inscribed on heart
Because it is the Kible of acceptance there at
The house where prayers are answered.



17.

Verse 2499

*D*on't be concealed.
Your face is so auspicious to us.
It is great happiness to see and to watch you.

Don't keep your shadow out of our head
For even one moment. As You know, the
Shadow of the bird of luck is good luck for us.

O spring of beauty, come.
That nice air is good for garden and meadow.
It is a blessing to the rose garden and valleys.

Hundreds of thousands of souls will be sacrificed
To that sacred Soul that comes to the quarter of love.

We are roaming from one place to another with Your love;
No work, no occupation. But this idleness and
This kind of love are a blessing for us.

O ones who are tied to bodies, go and watch the soul.
"Outings and observing are auspicious," the Prophet said.³⁵

Every leaf, every tree is an envoy from the land
Of Absence, bringing the news,
Saying the clean green is sacred.

How do the leaves and trees give this news without
Sound and words? You also hear without ears
Because this is good news.

O One who is the Soul of the four elements of universe,
Your beauty, Your face is the blessing of water and wind,
The holiness of fire and earth.

That means whatever you sow you always harvest.
It won't be lost. How auspicious
It is to sow the seeds of faith.

I would prostrate to the ground You stepped on,
Because that earth is a crown to heads.
I would walk on Your way,
Because that road is sacred for us.

At right that moment, Your image came to my eyes.
By God, how nicely it came. How wonderful that is.

The shape which gets its color from this
Earth is temporary. The one that takes its
Color from the higher place is auspicious.

The face of spring is happiness for things on the ground.
Swimming and jumping in the sea is the blessing of fish.

That sun which shines from the heart and reflects
On the chest, is auspicious to the Throne of God;
To the sky as well as to the earth.

Heart doesn't have enough power to talk about that.
Soul keeps prostrating, saying, "This is auspicious.
This is auspicious."

The heart would be Your company tonight,
Follow Your way. It would be the
Happiest and luckiest heart tomorrow.

Keep serving wine until we stop talking.
It is better to save certain things in the heart.
That's the blessing.



18.

Verse 2517

One who has already passed away,
There is not even a smell of soul in you,
Go away. Love of the one whose heart
Is alive doesn't wash death.

You resemble Autumn, getting colder day by day.
You haven't had a spark from the fire of love.

Fall will never become spring, never.
And spring doesn't have the bad manners of fall.

The lame fox started a journey for the love of the lion.
I told him, "There is nothing
You can do with humdrum words."

Let us suppose that you don't have the fire of lovers.
What has happened to your shame?
You are disgusting.

Love resembles the dragon.
You are not even a small worm.
Love is like a treasure.
You don't have a grain of treasure.

Let me tell you a few words about love.
Even I don't have the power
To talk about love. Listen:

First, you should know that there is no beginning
And no end for love. Wherever you look,
Love is free from that.

Nowadays, if you are looking for a donkey, go ahead.
Don't search for Jesus here. Jesus cannot be found here.

Jesus is separated from that donkey with
A hallowed heart. Heart is not filled
With layer upon layer of dirt like a pouch.

Don't come to the front with a donkey.
You cannot run, cannot attack riding a donkey;
Will not be able to hit the ball
With the club while riding a donkey.

My heart, which resembles an Indian cupbearer,
Set up a gathering to prevent the grief of a Turk
To ride a horse, because there is no banquet today.

I should come to town like a drunk so people
Would understand that; this man is not
Among the beggars of the neighborhood.

That love, who sells wine, and became
Drunk with the wine that cannot be
Contained by jar or pitcher, is raising hell.

The only tongue that tastes this wine
Belongs to the person who has no tongue.
This wine gives enjoyment to the throat
Of the person who has no throat.

Enough. No matter how much you want to talk,
I am drunk with that wine and have no desire to talk.



19.

Verse 2533

*T*oday, even the sky is admiring our moon-faced one.
Even the Sun is embarrassed
Seeing the brightness of his face.

There is no other sun in the morning of existence.
His Sun of Union shines
On every piece and on total existence.

But he appears in a different shape every evening
And every morning. For that reason,
Each one looks different than the other.

He shows you different shapes opposite each other.
The differences are hidden among the opposite things.

If you have war, there seems to be many armies.
In peace-time you know there is only one army.

Abraham had goodness.
That's why fire appeared to him as water.
Nimrud³⁶ was nothing but a curse.
Water appeared to him as fire.

Joseph was like a wolf to the jealous ones.
They didn't look on him as a sweet-lipped brother.

This one cut her hands from love, watching his face.
The other considered him a bad person
And attempted to take his life.

That curtain is not woven by wool.
It is made by jealousy.
Don't look at the beloved behind this curtain.
He doesn't look very pleasant.

Self is such a devil that envy is only a
Small part of its nature. You think about
How ugly and dirty the whole Self is.

Now, you are feeding that ugly snake with milk.
It will turn into a dragon soon.
There is man-eating in its nature.

O lightning, which kills dragons, flash from the sky
Of exaltation. Remove the dragon, because soul falls
Into distress and anxiety because of him.

If you want to be put on a chest and sit at
The head of the table, become like the
Heart without an alphabet, quit talking.
Your tongue becomes like a beggar
Behind the door because of words.



20.

Verse 2546

You have no arms, no lap; even so embrace me.
God knows, to caress the lover and make
His heart happy is not a shame.

There is no beginning, no end of You.
O Sea without mercy, you don't wash the shore.
You show no pity.

There is no peace, no decision in anybody since you
Have shown your moon-face to lovers.
They all turned into a restless sky.

We have no hope but favors of Your
Sea of Grace and kindness, because it is
Impossible to scatter Your pearls of praise.

We have fallen in with Your whim, we have seen
Your clamor, Your magnificence, and have become
So confused that we can't do anything.

Show me a man who hasn't been trapped by You.
Show me a lion who hasn't been hunted by You.

We are birds that have escaped and flown from
Hundreds of traps.
But Your trap is such that there is no way to escape.

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The envoy of Your love came like a cupbearer offering
Morning wine, which doesn't give a hangover.

"I am tired and weak; sick from separation," I said.
"Come on," He said, "it is not time for excuses."

"I am not giving you excuses.
Look at me," I wailed, "I am ruined."

"It is too late. With pain and suffering I came close
To death. That's not the time for drinking," I said.

"Forget your situation, drink," He said,
"Lovers don't have a choice or will power."

If you don't give up comfort, torture and self pity,
They don't let you come close to the people of Union.
They don't allow you to go there.

Water the dust of thoughts and mind with this wine
So they will settle down, because anything else
Besides Love's moon, is dirt and dust.



21.

Verse 2560

The soul who has not known real love, has not
Been involved with love, would find it better to perish,
Because his existence is nothing but shame and disgrace.

Be drunk with love. Love is everything.
There is nothing better than to fall in love;
To deserve the Beloved.

"What is Love?" they ask. "Tell them that love is
To abandon all desires, all wishes and the will
To do or not to do; to reject choices and selections."
The one who doesn't give this up
Is not worth mentioning.

The lover is such a sultan of sultans that both worlds
Are scattered to his feet like gifts,
But the sultan doesn't need any of them.

Love and lovers are the only eternal things.
Don't pay attention to anything else.
Don't give your heart, because all of that is temporary.

How long will you be embracing a dead sweetheart?
Embrace the soul, which has no beginning,
No end and no sides.

Your rose, which was grown in the spring will die.
But love's rose garden doesn't need the help of spring.

The thorn is the friend of the spring rose.
The wine made from the grape pulp gives a hangover.

Don't stay idle. Move on this road.
I swear to God, this waiting is worse
Than any kind of death.

Don't leave it until tomorrow.
If you are not false today, embrace the heart right away.
Make this like an earring, if you don't have one.

Don't keep trembling at the top of body's horse.
Get down. Become a faster walking pedestrian.
God offers wings to the one who doesn't ride body's horse.

Remove the thoughts, purify your heart.
Be like a mirror, have no form, no ornament.

When the mirror is purified from all forms and pictures,
Every form and picture will reflect on it.
That mirror whose face is clean and shiny,
Is not ashamed of any face.

If you want to be free from fault and shame,
Try it yourself, look at it.
Because that clean mirror tells the truth.
It is not scared or afraid of anyone.

If the mirror, which is made of iron,
Became pure like that; think about
The heart which is free from one small
Piece of dust. What shape would that be?

I'll tell you what that would be.
No. I shouldn't tell. I'll keep silent,
So the beloved won't tell something
That he heard from me,
Because he cannot keep a secret.



22.

Verse 2576

*B*eloved, although soul's face is beautiful
And very bright. Your face,
Your beauty is something else.

O one who has kept praising soul, show one of
His attributes to be the same as His essence.

The glow of His specter comes to eyes more and more
Every moment. Even so, in front of His union,
This is nothing but a cloudy, weak image.

When I saw that beauty, that face, my mouth
Stayed open. I have the words, "God is great,"
In my heart and on my tongue every moment.

Heart has found an eye that has settled in Your air.
That air nourishes and matures
The eye and heart very nicely.

Talk about neither houris nor the moon.
Don't mention the soul or the fairy,
Because they don't resemble Him.
He is completely different.

His love caresses and embraces man,
Otherwise there is no heart which deserves this love.

The heart which stays with You one
Night turns into bright daylight.
The air becomes brighter and lighter.

The one who gives up his wishes and desires,
Becomes Your disciple. He will find
What he wants without looking.

The one who falls in this Love and burns,
Would be in the Kevser.³⁷
Your love is like the river of Heaven.

I hit my head because of Your separation,
But my feet don't touch the ground
With the hope of union.

Don't be grieved with the cruelty of enemies,
Consider that the Beloved is just.
He will take care of you.

If the enemy enjoys seeing the color of my face,
He should know that my saffron-colored face
Is more red than the rose.

I am unable to describe the beauty of my beloved.
Because of that, I have a big problem;
My praises are very weak.

It is most common that when a patient's
Illness becomes worse, pain and suffering increase;
But moaning decreases.

Shemseddin has risen like a moon from Tebriz;
There's no comparison to the moon.
His face is brighter and more beautiful.



23.

Verse 2592

*T*oday is the time to see and meet the Beloved.
Today is the day the great Sun rises.
We have the luck, the fate of the Sun.

The Beloved was cruel yesterday,
He was drinking blood. Today He became kind,
Nourishing the hopeless ones.

Don't even mention the sun and moon or the
Soul and fairy, because they don't resemble Him.
He is totally different.

If someone has seen His face and hasn't been ruined,
He is not a man, he is marble.

The believer who doesn't know His fire in the
The eyes of lovers, is considered an unbeliever.

O one who denies the wine of His lips,
And its existence, look at my eyes.
They look like two glasses full of wine.

The Angel Gabriel knocked on the door.
My moon-faced one asked, "Who is there?"
He answered, "Your old slave, your old servant."

"Who's with you? With whom did you come?"
The Beloved asked.
"Your Love, Your love," the Angel Gabriel said.
"Where?" asked the Beloved.
"In my arms," he answered.

O jasmine body," he said, "Look at me just
Once for the alms of Your beauty.
My eyes are filled with pearls and my face is pale.

I am holding the doorknob in one hand
My other hand is on my head.
Please, kindly look through the half-open door.

The Beloved said, "All the world is in love
With me, particle by particle. Go away.
The thing you brought is not worth anything."

Come, O shah of love, O Shems,
The one Tebriz praises.
Words are not enough to tell this fiery story.
It's beyond description.



24.

Verse 2604

O rose, your face is graceful and delicate.
But don't put your cheek over the beloved's,
Because his is more delicate, more graceful than yours.

Don't bring him in your heart,
Because when you put your cheek over his,
He will know your secret.
The friend who takes heart is very graceful.

Prostrate secretly when desire is intensified.
But don't go beyond that, because he is very delicate.

If you are out of yourself, every time is your time.
But watch out if you are conscious,
Because secrets are very fragile.

Clean your heart from grief because
Heart is the house of his image.
The image of that charmer is very delicate.

The shadow of the rose, one day, has fallen
To the beloved's image, has done so much
To the beloved. Really it is a delicate thing.

Don't look down on the image of Shemseddin
Whom Tebriz praises, because that
Blood-drinking sultan is very graceful.



25.

Verse 2611

Soul came to the body. Body did not go to soul.
The bow doesn't follow the arrow.

Soul jumped out of body,
But the heavy body has fallen to the ground,
Unable to ascend to the sky.

Soul became the landlord of the body in
This mud house. When the landlord leaves,
Body likes to stay in that house.

Flesh became so lonely, however, that
Soul reached the place where even doubt
Would never be able to reach.

The end is separation.
Whoever has seen the one who came to this
World since the world became a world,
Hasn't gone from this world.

Death comes to your door and squeezes your neck.
Then you wonder; just like nobody
Had come and told you this before.

Water has said so much about my freedom,
My liberation, has rained so much over me.
But it never bothers the ant colony;
Never went inside of the ant colony,
Never inside of the mouth of the ant.



26.

Verse 2618

Even when blame and reproaches are heard from
The right and left,
The lover won't deviate from the road of love.

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The moon shines, spreads its light.
The dog keeps barking.
How could you blame the moon?
That's the dog's habit.

He is like a mountain.
He is not a piece of straw to be blown by the wind.
The things that the wind blows are a bunch of mosquitoes.

It is only natural for lovers to be blamed for love.
The same is true for the lover who has a deaf ear.

Prosperity, in this way, is the abolishing,
The complete destruction of two worlds.
The benefit in the way of love, is to give up all benefits.

Jesus is calling from the fourth layer of heaven,
"It is time for the meal.
Wash your hands and your mouth."

Go, annihilate for the beloved at the tavern
Of annihilation. Wherever there are drunks,
There are troubles and fights.

You are coming to the place of the devil, asking for help.
Here, everybody is a demon, a freak.
Ask for help from God.

The Prophet Mohammed told us not to
Take advice from women.
Our self, even when it becomes devout, is like woman.³⁸

Drink so much wine that you'll forget how to talk.
Aren't you a lover? Isn't that love a tavern?

Even if you write poems and prose,
Like the gold of Cafer,³⁹ there is no value
For these counterfeit things at Cafer's place.



27.

Verse 2629

*T*his is bizarre, unseen fire.
It is blazing from the Beloved's place.
At the same time, it is not with the Beloved.

How could the form stand in front of Him?
Form has no constancy.
How could meaning grasp Him?
He is not apparent.

The world is a place for hunting.
All the creatures are prey.
There is no trace of the One who is hunting.

There is a work-business in every corner where
There is bale-load. Everybody says He is great,
He is the boss.
But there is no bale-load at the side of the great One.

O Soul, take your hand away from your face.
Show your face.
Because all these appearances are forms;
Only shapes, dye and fussy ornaments.

Wherever dust raises, there must be an army.
Wherever there is fire,
Warmth and smoke will be there.

You cannot see Him because of the dust.
Find Him. Never mind the dust.

O good fortune, lucky one, if you search for Him,
He who has unlimited compassion also looks for you

When the torrent drags and carries you,
You'll understand that people think they have
Choices and willpower on their way; but they don't.

I wove poverty, decided to talk less,
But where can you find a rose without a thorn?

Be a witness brother, we are the thorn of such a rose.
But to be this kind of thorn is for praise, not for shame.



28.

Verse 2640

Last night was so dark because you were not here.
There was no brightness, no taste in our candle
No pleasure in our Sema gathering.

We were in torture all night.
This innocent heart was also thrown into jail.
There was nobody who could console and please him.

The world gets its confidence from You.
Even the moon doesn't feel secure without You at night.

The arrogance and selfishness of the people
Make a curtain around You.
The one who has no self could
Come to Your shadow, Your protection.

Heart is Yours, it is in Your palm like a
Drop of mercury which jumps and moves
Around and has no peace and quietness.



29.

Verse 2645

Cupbearer, offer wine. Days are very pleasant.
Today is the day to drink wine.
Put up otag⁴⁰ and build a fire.

The cupbearer is charming and graceful.
The wine is wonderful; days are great.
The assembly is as bright as the sky.

Listen to the reed flute. Keep playing melodies.
Drink wine. Grief has fallen;
So has its trouble and struggling.

Today there is nothing to break but your oath.
Today there is nothing to be scattered
But the beloved's hair.

Messenger of God, repent seventy times at night.⁴¹
But since God is the One who makes or breaks them;
All repentance will go away in the morning.

That beauty with whom the whole world is in love
Is made by mud. But is adorned and decorated by
The power of God.

Today, wherever there is death it will come to life.
The blind acquire new eyes today.

The branch which is green is relatively
Secure from the fire.
The arrowed porcupine is not afraid of the arrow.

Look at the lover who is kissed by the beloved.
Don't mind the pale color of his face and his crying eyes.

There is body that is slave to the earth, but his heart
Commands the sky. There is seed under the ground,
But the tree grown from that seed
Is way up above the ground.

How can the one whose heart becomes a treasure of
Pearl, of jewels settle down on earth? How could
The lover be bored when the beloved is in his arms?

O one who washes my dead body,
Tie my jaws tightly⁴² because my heart
And soul are tasting sugar, secretly,
Without mouth and lips.

Be silent, don't move your jaw.
Nobody washes you. Your halting place is
Neither the five senses nor six dimensions.



30.

Verse 2658

Brother, they say there is a window from heart to heart.
Don't leave any crack or hole open,
Even if its as small as a needle's eye, cover it.

Whoever is ignorant of this window of heart
Is blind and stupid,
Even if he is the greatest scientist.

Look through that window to the inside of the house.
Is it dark or bright in that house?

If it is bright, if its light reflects on you,
Make sure it is a garnet or an agate mine.
It is a treasure, that house.

Sit next to Him. He is the Master, the hero.
Scatter roses on His way.
He is the cypress. He is the iris.

Wrap your arms around him, hug him.
Enjoy this embracing.

Go, carry your belongings to His side.
Get a house next to Him.
Because His place is the halting place for angels.

I want to explain, but my heart is trembling.
He is peerless, unseen and unselfish.

If He is not in one place, this soul and body
Escape from each other like oil and water.

I have iron locks on my lips, my mouth.
But whether or not You scare me, I will say this.

What is it for the David of love to break the irons?
Be silent. That sultan of love is a bizarre Rustem.⁴³



31.

Verse 2669

I want my beloved to be cupbearer;
To offer me wine from his lips.
I want his narcissus-eyes to become languid, drunk.

The curly hair on his forehead is like
A fearless charmer who plays with a rope.
My heart wants the playfulness of the
Hair that catches heart and steals mind..

There are troubles from your sneaky eyes in my heart.
I want that trouble maker's old magician eyes.
I long for them.

His treacheries, his badness are very pleasant.
His cruelties are beautiful.
His meanness keeps burning me.
For these reasons I am looking for that ungrateful one;
Searching for that cruel one.

I want to burn like a moth around that peerless
Candle that shines in the land of Absence.

O rose garden of the beauty, open your face.
Even the moon became ashamed after seeing your face.
I want that rose garden.

Four years later, we will stay together.
I am begging for your union on one road.
That's all I desire.

Your mind did that thing. Love has succeeded this.
There is no use for that thing, That's why I want this.

We throw the pillow of the sultan,
Open the snake's wound. I want to stay
With the Mustafa of beauty in the cave.⁴⁴

The Tartar⁴⁵ of separation scattered musk and ambergris.
I want the musk of the Tartar's gazelle.

I have such a heavy load on my heart.
I have been squeezed. I have lost patience
And decision. My Sultan, allow me.
Give your permission once. That's what I want.

O bat, what do you care for the coyness of the sun?
It is shame for you. Yet, I prostrate hundreds of times.
I want the thing which is shame for you.

You have been putting me off with
The promise of union. I have lost my patience.
Separation has blindfolded my eyes,
Pulling me to the gallows.

The army of your love burns the soul;
Brightens the heart at the same time.
I want the commandant of love's army.

The anti-Christ of grief is raising hell
With separation in my head.
I should ask for the breath of Jesus to get well.

I had a trick. Union had another,
But I repent now the deceits and tricks.
I want that deceitful impostor.

I would come as a drunk, worn out,
To the rose garden of pleasure and joy.
I only want a thorn from your union.

I made a belt from the hairs curling
On your forehead and put it around my waist.
I came from town. I want to climb the mountains.

Moses of soul saw a tree in the fire's light.
I want the blaze of that tree. I want that fire.

Tebriz turned into heaven because of Shemseddin.
I want to go to heaven and see his face.



32.

Verse 2689

*W*hat news are the nightingales giving this year?
What kind of sugar was offered to the parrots?

Come to the garden this year and see
The dry branches that give such fruits.

Scissors are in the middle.
Dresses are cut out constantly.
Belts are offered to the one who loses his crown.

Under no obligation, no trouble to anyone,
Silver is minted.
Without the fear of repossession,
Gold is given.

Every thirsty heart is taken to the sea.
They offer jewels to the one who has pearls.

Who hasn't seen any gift like that?
Nowadays the lover offers heads and
The amount of hair on their head.

Is there any light seen like that?
The crazy and insane on the road
Gives talents and take love in return.



*T*he tailor of time never cuts and sews the shirt
Right to the size of the one who wears it.

In this world, lots of stupid ones spend handfuls
Of gold to buy trouble from the devil.

There are appetizers made of colorful soil,
You eat them, but what you eat makes your face pale.

O one who takes the corpse in his arms,
And loves it as a sweetheart,
In the end the corpse cools your
Soul as well as your heart.

Be aware of God. Get rid of these devil's pictures.
When the time comes, you pass away having nothing.

Don't lay down and stretch your legs
On this world's upholstery. It is temporary.
Suddenly they roll up. Be afraid of that.

Don't throw a bar-shot at this time plate
Constantly, for nothing.⁴⁶
Don't play backgammon with the Master.

Don't look at the dust of the body.
Watch the soul's rider.
He resembles the horseman inside of dust.

Surely rose cheeks came from the rose garden.
If there is no rose garden, where did this rose grow?

When you see a chin like an apple,
Make sure there is an apple tree.
This apple is not for eating.
It is offered as a sample.

Start work with great effort.
If you are loose and slow to start, the sultan's
Doorkeeper will kick you out of the door.

Be silent. Leave the word.
Talk without words and sound.
Like the talk of the angels
Above the dome of this sky.



34.

Verse 2708

*T*hat beautiful-faced Beauty has done all kinds
Of favors for me. If he didn't do any for you,
It's not my fault.

You blame that beauty who torments you.
But who has ever seen a beauty
Who hasn't done some cruelty?

If he hasn't given sugar,
Isn't his love enough sugar?
If he hasn't shown any loyalty,
Isn't his beauty complete loyalty?

Show me a house in which the light from Him
Hasn't been reflected.
Show me a table where His face hasn't shone.

That eye and this light are two glories.
When they merge, nobody will separate them.

When soul watched and passed out of himself,
He said, "Nobody has seen God's face, but God."

These are symbolic descriptions,
But sometimes they are misleading.
God only mentioned the face "by the
Morning sun."⁴⁷ Because of jealousy.

When the sun of Shem's face,
Who is the praise of Tebriz,
Reflects on any mortal, he becomes immortal.



35.

Verse 2716

The sea has pulled me toward itself, made me
A known acquaintance, made me a diver.
The one that pulls me, takes me and
Also pulls and takes you, one by one.

The one that became iron was pulled by the magnet.
The one that became straw, by ambergris.

Karun⁴⁸ who was the anchor of the earth,
Was pulled and swallowed by earth.
The sky pulled and exalted
The greatest of the great, Jesus.

The land of Absence pulls every spiritual feeling.
Chemistry changes auspicious copper into gold.

The one who pulls and takes all his
Belongings to the side of prophets,
Will be safe from the looting of absence and death.

No evil eye would ever touch that beautiful eye,
Because He took the candle of beauty
To the place nobody reaches or sees.

We run away from fate and destiny to the side
Of God who takes care of needs and grants wishes.
The One who re-arranges fate and destiny
Will take care of what comes from fate and destiny.

All these things come and go.
How lucky for that heart that he saw
The beauty of that moon-faced one
And passed out of himself.



36.

Verse 2724

Tercî Bend

*T*he doorkeepers of the sky,
Who are the mothers of all secrets and things
Concealed, are pulling us to the sky.

Watch and see the angels come from the throne.
They are so bright with the light of that auspicious sun.
We run after them like shadows.
Those shadows also get their shares from the sun.

Because shadows worship the sun,
The way he came as a guest, they are also guests.

Thoughts that come to mind, come from
Universal Mind. Their control and their measure
Comes from His control and measure.

You say, "He sowed the seed and the tree
Came afterward." But is it is not so.
Open your eyes and see.
There is no beginning for these, and no end.

The sun of Shemseddin is neither in the East nor West.⁴⁹
For that reason, the shadow of the One who reaches him,
Turns around a different sky.

They are like a heart that runs around everywhere,
But they don't have the worry of shelter,
Nor of a camel and saddle.

Our water and our soul turn into heart
With the effect of that Sun.
Our particles fly over the sky like heart.

What is the sky that our heart will go that way?
Our body, soul and heart are totally in love with Him.
They are always with Him.

Our lips were dry, our eyes full of tears
With the grief of separation.
Since we met Him, with the light of union,
Neither is this dry, nor the other wet.

They come and they go.
Eventually they reach their purpose.
The others stay muddy in their turbid water and earth.

The nature of the lover and love is different
Than the other four natures;
Hundreds of times better than the four elements,
The five senses and the seven skies.

If five natures hold the halter of soul and pull,
Be silent. Don't talk about this world.
Start telling the Terce.

Direct yourself to the sky of truth.
The one who goes there has no horse and no feet.

O one who turns around love,
You won't be covered with dust. Keep riding
The horse like the sun, bright and warm.

On that journey, to follow a guide,
To imitate a great man,
Is like holding a stick in your hands.
With the brightness and greatness of the road,
Our stick becomes Zulfkaar.⁵⁰

Moses hit the stone with his staff.
The stone split, and clear water sprang from it.
That staff was Zulfekaar.
That water was for Zulfekaar.
Because of that it was shining.

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The heart came today, suddenly, like the sky,
Without hands and feet.
It got rid of this hangover with ruby-colored wine.

I said, "O heart, what has happened to you?
Why are you acting so insolent?" He answered,
"The Beloved offered me wine in the morning,"

I am a lion hunter today.
I will attack even the male lion because
I came as a drunk from the meadow.

The Lion and the Oxen⁵¹ are spread out in the meadows
Of the sky. If I drop fire in that meadow,
That Oxen and Lion will be burned.

Really, Kaf and Nun, like iron and stone,
Resemble light. Being and non-being struck each other;
As a result those stars came out.

Happy stars jump toward lovers.
Hundreds of beauties will be born from their sparks.

When unlucky and unhappy stars promise union,
They start torturing the rose. They jump to
The happy-faced, unlucky people who resemble thorns.

There is also another group of people that
Gave up wanting to be auspicious or not.
They have been destroyed like
The stars in the sun of the Beloved's beauty.

They have no fear, nor do they grieve.⁵²
They have no hopes and know neither
Separation nor union; have no trouble or joy.
They are not obvious. They are not hidden.

My third Terci, like Muselles⁵³ adds joy to joy.
If you have a hangover, work with Muselles.
Its worth it.

Mind, love and soul; those three are straight Muselles.
They are a salve for every wound,
A remedy for every trouble.

If someone drinks this Muselles wine
Of mine and can't pass out of himself,
He certainly doesn't deserve this gift.
He must have some problems in his brain.

Every moment granite becomes garnet with the glass of
The Sun of Truth and turns into agate.
Earth gets its share and becomes cheerful.

But it is not the ruby which is not aware of itself.
It is not the agate you know.
That agate pulls the truth like ambergris.

That ruby is as cheerful, as hard a worker as the mind.
This sultan is neither with a bride, nor separated.

He is God's special man;
But when the man dies and becomes annihilated,
God remains.

Mind tried very hard to get a smell from Absence,
But didn't succeed. All his works were wasted.

The one who exists, receives the smell of
Absence and becomes totally annihilated.
That person has reached such being
That he is completely submerged in Absence.

He was undressed from his existence at the height
Of greatness. One annihilation is completed.
Absolute Being is reached.
There, no pride and no appearance exists.

When God's attributes come, humanity disappears,
Because he is a brilliant Sun.
This one is a light of Suha.⁵⁴

His soul is a mirror for the beauty of God.
His eye is a glass that shows
The worlds at the assembly of love.

Whoever drinks the wine of secrets from this glass
Will be annihilated at the union of the Beloved.
He will go beyond himself with ecstasy.

Every copper, with the Glory of God,
Turns into a magical chemical.
This is an art of the unseen; a bizarre alchemy.

Look for the elixir of love from His Being.
Be like Him with His favor and kindness.



37.

Verse 2765

O one who rides Burak⁵⁵ of soul's eye,
O one who opens the eye of the soul, and eventually
Starts the journey; keep watching the face
Of the moon which has no dust and no cloud.

They throw the seeds of lust to the fire.
They escape this trap,
From which it is very difficult to be freed.
They jump through with one step.

They escape from the noises of this deaf nature
And go there. Their gathering becomes an assembly
And turns into rose gardens.

They tie the feet of shameless, ordinary people.
From then on sultans, whose souls reflect on
Their faces, become apparent to them.

They tie the feet of mind and beat
The hell out of this shameless self.

All particles of our bodies have died in
This narrow grave. Where is the trumpet of
Judgment day? They will all come back to
Life and raise their heads from the grave.

Your lust is like copper.
It's elixir is the glory of love. With that,
They will change your copper-like existence into gold.

Be fair. In front of His warm love-breath,
Who would be able to talk about talent?
Whoever can must be very cold.

They come to the kitchen of the mind like hungry Sufis
And receive the guilt which has heavy consequences.

Don't feed nature's raven with cascades of food.
Keep them fasting so they will become parrots;
So they can look for sugar.

The fires of nature can be harnessed and turned to ashes
With the sweetness of the cupbearer of
The fountain of life.

The reason for the blindness and deafness of the mind of
Maturity is the feeling toward that beauty and charm.

Besides God, the eye of whoever looks at him to see
Will be sealed with eternal blindness.
After that, he will know nothing.

In order to stay away from trouble even the sun will
Take refuge in Shemseddin, who is Tebriz's eye of Soul.

They searched diligently in the land
Of Soul a hundred thousand times.
They couldn't find anyone who resembles Him.

His shadow always stays on the head of the Sun.
Every particle of dust is decorated with his footsteps.



38.

Verse 2782

If this is the Bairam⁵⁶ of your union,
I am a slave and servant to Bairam.
You are the preparation of Bairam,
The prostration and salute to Bairam.

I heard your name. The great sweetness
Of your name made the name of Bairam sweet.
Peace and comfort came to my heart.

How happy is the moment
When the time of your union comes.
We take some from the treasure of union
And pay the debt of Bairam.

Your beautiful face, which resembles the sun,
Rises so that Bairam's night turns into morning
With the daylight of your face.

O beautiful, whose specter of light
Becomes Iman⁵⁷ to Bairam,
Worshipping with auspiciousness and good luck,

It is the religious precept of Bairam
To prostrate at your door.
It is haram⁵⁸ to see yourself when you stand here.

Fill and offer the glass of union
With your grace and favor
So soul will reach his wish with
Bairam's glass, Bairam's wish.

Souls are running behind your horse.
But even Bairam takes hundreds of steps.
How could he reach Him? Is this possible?

This Bairam gave me the good news,
Coming from the dust of your road.
My soul goes out to meet Him.
Hold the halter of Bairam's horse.

And understand that this clarity and brightness,
This beauty of Bairam are from
The greatest of the great, Shemseddin.

But where is the brilliance of your beauty?
How could the lover be fallen to Bairam?

O Tebriz, when there is the wine
Of the greatest of the great,
It is haram for you to drink Bairam's wine.



39.

Verse 2794

Morning came and opened the polished, gleaming page.
A brightness, a color of camphor has appeared in the sky.

The Sufi of the sky has torn his blue mantle.
His shawl is up to his belly from his obstinacy.

After his defeat and exile,
The Rum of morning came suddenly
And dethroned the negro of night.

The Turk of joy and the Hindu of grief
Come and go from that side.
This coming and going is permanent
But the road is not apparent; doesn't exist.

My God, where did the Abyssinian army escape to and
Disappear? From where did the army of Rum's Kaiser
come?

Who gets the smell from this invisible, enigmatic road?
The one who tastes and drinks the eternal wine of wines.

Night is wondering who makes his face so dark?
Day is wondering who created him?

Earth is also astonished. Half of it is grass and plants.
The other half are animals. They are out of pasture.

Half of the world is the eater. The other half to be eaten.
Half is greedy, but clean. The other half is dirty.

Sleep, at night, is like dying.
To wake in the morning is like coming back to life.
Kill me O grief, I am Huseyn⁵⁹, you are Yezid.⁶⁰

When the pearl put himself up for sale
To see who would buy him, nobody had money.
He put up the money and bought himself from himself.

Cupbearer, we are all your guest today.
Our night became Kadir's Night.⁶¹
Because of you, our days are Bairam.

Offer the wine which has a pleasant ending.⁶²
Nothing will relieve worry and thoughts
But to start drinking afresh.

If the ones who are thirsty keep drinking wine beyond
Their limit and pass out of themselves,
They will surely find the key.

Nuh-Lut,⁶³ Kerhiy⁶⁴, Sibli⁶⁵ and Beyazid⁶⁶
All sat next to the jar of union.

Be silent.
Soul is flying with cheer.
At the end, this wine hits you on the head
And runs through the main vessels.



40.

Verse 2810

Auspicious spring is here.
Blessings are scattered to the earth.
The iris became as beautiful as Ali's Zulfekaar
And started shining.

Particles of earth are pregnant from the sky.
Nine months have passed.
They have all become restless.

The pomegranate is filled with bows.
The creek is wearing armor, it shines and sparkles.
The valley is full of violets.
The hills look like tulip gardens.

Flowers open their lips for kissing.
The cypress opens its arms for hugging.

After the rose garden of sky saw the heart's rose garden,
It became ashamed and covered its face with clouds.
It was embraced by heart.

The thorn was crying, saying,
"Help, O One who covers other's faults."
His prayer is accepted so his cheeks become rose after rose.

The sultan of spring put on his belt, after apologies.
Every branch and tree is crowned by Him;
Is turned into a sultan.

It is not much that a stick in
The hand of Moses became a staff.
Every branch is adorned so much,
It looks like an assembly of the Master.

The ones who were dead in the winter
Came back to life.
The ones who denied the resurrection,
Lost face and reputation.

God's favor helped the garden's Ashabi Kehf.⁶⁷
They woke up from sleep.

O one who came to life,
Where were you in the winter?
Isn't the place where soul goes at night, asleep?

Every night the senses of soul fly there.
Every night that is the place to be seen, and stand.

Even when the moon was a crescent it went there.
When it became a full moon,
It turned into a candle for the world.

These visible five senses and invisible five senses
Go there tired, worn out and troubled.
They come ambling back from there to their earth.

Close your mouth. Don't run in front of the wind.
Because the wind of words is
Raising dust on the road of observation.



41.

Verse 2825

Watch death. How does it come back to life?
Look at how the free cypress
Became a slave, a servant.

Watch and see how these loose, decayed boxes and coffins,
Are filled with soul, with love and knowledge.

That throat and mouth,
Which have been torn in the grave,
Are singing like a drunk nightingale now.

Watch Kaaba today.
It is raised and coming to the pilgrims.
For that reason thousands of caravans are blessed.

That soul who runs away from the needle
And enters the bottle,
Is today offering his soul to the sword of love.

You have seen how water comes out of rock so many times.
Watch now and see how milk springs from honey.

Look at the unripe grape. It becomes sugar out of its joy.
Look at all this barren land, how it becomes green.

Keep smiling O Earth.
You gave birth to such a Caliph⁶⁸ that
Because of him stones and bricks are moving.

Grief is dead. Mourning time is gone.
You and I will stay well.
Wherever there was crying is now filled with laughter.

Such a rose garden grew and was so adorned
That all its thorns were utterly eradicated,
And without forks, by the power of the rose's smell.

Hizir has drunk from the fountain of life
And has become eternal.

Our pleasant life would become eternal,
Even if body was worn out like an old mantle.
Soul, no doubt, is eternal.

Be silent.
Sleep on the sugar-threshing floor.
Because sugar is scattered by words.

I have been kept silent,
But all the noises of parrot's sugarcane
Become lightheaded and keep being exuberant.



*T*his love always kills the intelligent, wide awake people.
 It cuts the head off without a sword.
 And kills without the gallows.

We become a guest to someone
 Whose custom is to destroy his guest.
 We become a friend to someone who kills his friend.

If he sees a Joseph, he tears him to pieces, like a wolf.
 If he sees a devout one,
 He kills him like an unbeliever.

We gave our heart to Him.
 Either He shows friendship and kindness to us
 Or kills, wounds and destroys us properly.

No. No. He kills many lovers with His eyes,
 But His breath brings the dead back to life.

Let Him kill you. Isn't He the fountain of life?
 He doesn't show that the grim-faced beloved is like honey.
 He kills the man sweetly.

Be sure your zeal is great,
 Because this great zeal, this love
 Only kills choice sultans and free people.

We resemble the night; look like the shadow of the earth.
 He is the sun; kills night with the gleaming sword.

The negro of night has stolen our mind like a thief.
 The police of the day came and killed the thief.

Black color covers the world at night from East to West.
But the Rum of day killed all of them.

In sum, that drunkenness comes to me
From the rose garden, just like the nightingale.
Like the nightingale,
Separation from the rose garden kills me.



43.

Verse 2850

*T*he valley and desert are beautiful
If the sun shines there.
The rose garden is beautiful
If the roses open and smell there.

There is another sun which shines
Only to finish the work under his command.

The Beloved doesn't kiss the one
Who offers gold and property.
He lets him be kissed by the lover
Whose face becomes pale with the troubles of love.

Look carefully. All the parrots are fluttering their wings
And flying to the sugar-lipped one
Who gives sugar to them.

Everyone in this world chooses
One of the sugar-lipped ones as a lover.
We also have a sugar-lipped one
But he gives an entirely different thing to us.

We have such a sugar-lipped one,
That even sugars are his servant and beggar.
We have such a Sultan of sultans that
He offers us a kingdom; gives victory to us.

Your zeal would be great, if you were the son of a sultan.
Don't be content by the sultan's coronation,
And his giving a belt to you.

Undress. Take your clothes off.
Run. Dive into the fountain of life.
Dive, so the piece of soil you step on
Gives rubies and scatters pearls.

Run to love. Take shelter there.
Avoid the beauty who flirts,
Charms and then bleeds your heart.

My eyes don't see any beauty from others.
The painter gives shapes and forms
To the body of soul from the land of Absence,
And adorns him in a different way.

The bird whose mind gets news from Kevser⁶⁹
Won't drink bitter water like blind birds.

He fills our eyes with his own beauty.
He is so beautiful that when the moon sees him
It would sacrifice its head for him.

His poor ones see beauty as a piece of dirt.
Think about the eye to which God gave sight.
How would that eye see ?

Quit talking, Be silent so that universal intellect
Will allow us to go through this particular intellect.



44.

Verse 2864

Bring wine my dear, because days are going by.
Only a taste of that glass overcomes the bitterness of grief.

This is the glass that is familiar to mind;
That hangs around with him.
It is not the glass that blind-eyed Self runs to.

When you enter the door with that fiery glass,
The devil of grief, which gives anxiety,
Will go away, out the chimney, like smoke.

If you put Kil⁷⁰ on your head for washing,
Don't wash. Leave. Run as you are
With the Kil on your head.
Come, because time is going by.

Excite the one who caught the mind.
Mature the one who talks immaturely.

You offered the same wine to the sun, moon and sky.⁷¹
Every one of them submit themselves to You.
They turn with joy.

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By God, even the particles are drunk with that wine,
But still want more, come in that direction.

Give peace and comfort to this soul
Because the fever of that wine
Left no peace and decision, no comfort and repentance.

Even if donkeys smell that wine they would
Have the same mother's tender heart for orphans.

Today, earth has drunk one drop, slowly, from that wine.
Now turns the glass of kindness like the sun,
Offering favors and everything to anyone.

The way blood runs from the body
Through the bottle of Hacamatci⁷²
Is the way one pulled goes to the one who pulls.

The way Kaaba goes to the door of God's friend,
The one who has arrived at the truth,
Is the way of God's compassion.
It runs and cascades with compassion.

If a saint is not drunk, he is behind all the lame ones.
But when he passes himself, he reaches Kaaba
In one step.

When he is sober, he behaves well, hides the secrets.
But when he is drunk he follows his heart.

Be silent.
Don't talk about wine in front of a raw person.
Because he immediately thinks of that ordinary wine.



45.

Verse 2879

*W*atch the nightingale, it is going to the rose garden.
Redness is on the way to the beloved's face,
That resembles the flower of the pomegranate.

Fruit has been ripened, went beyond itself.
It is going to hang, like Mansur.

Flowers are in bloom, adorned for the sultan,
Because the sultan intended to give
Favors in the springtime.

The heart of the tulip which resembles a monk,
Is burning with fires; is sunk in bloody tears.
It is on the road to the mountains.

The thorn has cried exactly nine months,
Because of the separation of the rose.
The rose saw that loyalty, is now going to the thorn.

The narcissus, bewildered by hearing the talks about union,
Watches the borders of the garden.

The fountain of life is flowing at the roots of the tree,
Like fire in the hearts of free people.

Every rose which has been
The slave of the ground in winter,
Is now burning, falling in love.
To show itself it is going to the bazaar.

God's divine inspiration of spring gave a general lecture.
The garden, the meadow, everything wrote this.
Kept reading it over and over.

That student, who worked hard to learn,
Finished his studies, earned his uniform,
And is now on his way to make a living.

Looks, like spring, said, "God has bought."⁷³
And the rose advanced on these roads
To go to the "Buyer."

The rose heard these words of God better than others,
Right in his heart.
He threw away his turban and his heart,
To run better and faster than others.

The heart sees every branch, like the Beloved.
Looks for union with the Beloved.
Goes to the Beloved.

O Heart, you are penniless,
At the same time, thinking of buying pearls.
Nevertheless, there, they talk about loads of gold.

No. No. Who talks about loads of gold?
There, they talk about barns full of souls.

The food of "the soul who is at peace,"⁷⁴
Believes and is silent.
Self is the one who keeps talking on the way to words.



46.

Verse 2895

*M*y eye is twitching.
Is that beloved coming?
My heart is beating fast.
I understand the one who caught my heart is coming.

This hoopee bird comes flying from Solomon's army.
This nightingale has arrived from the rose garden.

If you are penniless, sell your soul and get this glass.
Sell your self, the buyer is coming.

The ear of expectation drinks news like honey and sherbet.
Crying eyes meet the beloved.

That heart which was broken to pieces,
And became drops of blood and scattered,
Is now getting together.

The plectrum of joy and the bow of pleasure
Are touching the stature,
Which has bent like a harp, turned into strings.

The ruin of the garden and meadow is over.
Beautiful-faced roses are running toward thorns.

All the sighs and moans of the lover were for something.
Union's army is coming to find the remedy for those sighs.

The parrots of love have already
Spread their wings to fly.
Because bales of sugar are coming from Egypt.

The city is safe.
All the thieves ran away from fear of
The strong, fierce security of the town.

News came that "Cafer-i Tayyar is coming."⁷⁵
All the Cafer's who were stealing at night, ran away.

Tell it as it is.
The qualities of human behavior are gone,
Because God's attributes, the ones that repair the broken,
Impellers of everything, are coming.

O poor ones of the garden,
You lost everything at the robbery staged by the fall.
The sultan of spring is coming
To refurbish all your losses.

The luminosity of the sun has no cover.
Curtains are made by silence.
Be silent. This curtain is coming from the words.



47.

Verse 2909

Such charm, such sweetness,
That drunkenness, that openness;
How did the painter of eternity
Give all of these to your eye?

Your eyes, every moment,
Open thousands of eyes, offer thousands of sights.
God gave you the same force and power He gave to Jesus.

The eyes that were blessed to see, by Him,
Are looking at Him with admiration,
And wondering how this has happened.

I asked the sky if it had ever seen a moon like that.
He swore, and told me, "I honestly don't remember."

Now, close your lips, open the eyes of your soul.
If you are with Him, if you have merged with Him,
Don't say anything.



48.

Verse 2914

Crueley has destroyed hundreds of the sultan's cities.
Hundreds of seas of sovereignties have been dried;
Turned to hallucinations of oasis, by injustice.

Hundreds of greed towers,
And meanness castles have fallen in ditches.
Half-sleepy fortunes have fallen into deep sleep.

The main street of the land of Absence
Has been closed to these people.
The moon of dark cruelty is covered
By a cloud; has disappeared.

That eye which sparks like lightning to burn people,
Is now wailing; has turned into a cloud from crying.

That heart which burned hundreds of thousands of people,
Now is, itself, burning in God's fire.

How lucky is the person who took lessons from that.
That trouble of the sultan helped to open a door for him.

He understood in the morning what he had done at night.
But it was too late.
He became ashamed and disgraced;
And was involved in lots of trouble.

He spent the night praying, like a bright morning.
Also, Noah's praying was accepted at night.



49.

Verse 2922 ⁷⁶

Such charm, this sweetness,
That drunkenness, that openness.
How did the painter of eternity
Give them to your eye?

Your eyes create a thousand eyes every moment.
God gave power to them from His own.

All these eyes were lost, confused in Your eye.
They all send hundreds of thousands of prayers.

Your eyes were the seat at the throne of the Sultan.
The soul who sees your eyes yells, "Mercy, mercy."

I asked the sky if he had ever seen such eyes.
He swore, and told me, "I honestly don't remember."



50.

Verse 2927

*H*ow long will I tear my mantle
With fear and expectations?
Give me wine so that I will
Be saved from fear and expectation.

Bring the glass that burns thoughts and worries.
Because there are thoughts in my head
That come from fear and grief.

I am anchored with fears and expectations.
Sail me like Noah's ark.
That's the only way I can survive this flood.

Give me that red gold, that permanent pleasure.
My face became pale gold from expectation and fear.

Bring and pour in my mouth the thing you served
To the one who sat in that circle.
I became like a doorknob from fear and expectation.

Water once more this color, this smell,
Because I have a different color, a different smell now.

Offer me the water with which even
That river of Kevser will fall in love.
Wash me with that water because
I fall in the air of Kevser with hope and fear.

I am in the middle of the fire, like Abraham.
I have hopes and expectations, like Azer,
So that I make idols out of hope and fear.
Send me that water.

Out of obstinacy to blind eyes,
Don't hide from my eyes.
Bad eyes would be blind.
I am hidden from eyes with hope and fear.

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Don't separate me from the sun of your face.
Because I am totally wet with fear and hope,
Like this gazel.



51.

Verse 2937

*T*he beloved was pretending to sleep.
"Now," I said, "I will steal a peach from his garden."
Actually, he wasn't sleeping.

He smiled and said, "It's like the wolf
Trying to outsmart the lion to take its prey,
But, it's not that easy."

"Who will reach the sky and milk the cloud,
Unless the cloud becomes generous and does favors?"

Absence has no hands or feet to invent anything.
God's grace creates something out of nothing.

Sit like absence, because Selam⁷⁷
Was given only at namaz, while sitting.

Water becomes confused, lets itself go
At the top of the fire,
Because fire is to make sacrifice.
Water is the prostration.

When the lips are silent,
The heart gains hundreds of languages.
Be silent. How many times will you
Keep trying Him? How many?



52.

Verse 2944

*F*ire leaned toward the ear of smoke,
Said secretly, "He can't do without me.
Aloe wood really likes me."

"He understands me. He thanks me,
Because the purpose of aloe wood is to burn out,
To become non-existent."
At that time its value becomes apparent.

Aloe wood is full of knots.
Once it opens up at Absence,
All these knots will be untied.

O my friend who eats flames and swallows lights, welcome.
O One who is annihilated in me,
O my Martyr, the One who gives soul, welcome.
O friend whom all my acquaintances praise and are proud!

Look and see.
Earth and sky are both submerged in existence.
Escape from this dome of sky,
From this blind world, to Absence.

The one who runs away from Absence
Is an unlucky, sad person,
Who escapes from glory, kingdom and happiness.

No one will benefit from the book of Absence
Before he is annihilated.
O God, who is loved and beloved.
Help me to make up with Absence,
To make peace with Absence.

Black soil, without giving of itself, its existence
Won't become abundant.
It will stay still, become motionless.

If sperm stays sperm, it will neither grow, get bigger
Nor have a head, face and rosy cheeks.

When bread and meals are digested in the stomach
They turn into mind and life,
So even the most envious will long for that.

Black stone won't be gold and silver
Or worth anything,
Unless it goes beyond its existence.

Just to be contemptible and humiliated,
Later to become the sultan of sultans,
This is the way it is.
Also at namoz, to first stand up, then later, sit.

We tried "existence" our whole life long.
Now we are due to try Absence.

The clamor of the kingdom of Absence is not fake.
Smoke doesn't come from the place
Where there is no fire.

Love comes every morning to lead us to the school
Of "the ones who kept their promise"⁷⁸
By pulling our ears

If Love doesn't want us,
If He hasn't fallen in our way,
Why did He catch our heart and snatch our turban?
Just for nothing?

In order to clean his heart from grudges,
Purify it from evil, the tear of sorrow
Is flowing from the eye of the faithful.

You are asleep.

**Hizir keeps sprinkling water on your face to wake you up,
So you can pick up the glass of eternity.**

Love will tell you the rest of it secretly.

**You will be asleep and, at the same time,
Awake like Ashab-i Khef.⁷⁹**



53.

Verse 2963

*H*ear has been watching your face,
Even though he is waiting to see you.
Soul has been drunk in your rose garden,
Is stuck with thorns,
Even though watching for roses.

He is looking for heart every moment;
From the light of His look,
A houri appeared at the right,
A beautiful charmer at the left.

In the early morning,
Once we tore apart the trap of evening and morning
We received a kiss from the Beloved.
We prostrate to Him a hundred thousand times.

Who cares if the life
That has been spent in love won't return?
We are at the circle which is made
By the intense longing of lovers.

Play the harp of love with immortal melodies.
Soul becomes a thread;
A thread of the melody of love.

There is such brightness of life
In the air of Your love.
There, the roots of the trees
Are not buried in soil, but still give fruits.

Soul was plunged into a sea,
Swallowed water, but obtained a pearl.
But, that sea and the pearl
Are both crying for your ruby lips.

The willow tree is dancing.
The plain tree is clapping its hands,
Because of the melodies of the parrots in the reed bed.

Once this event of joy and purification
Comes and passes,
The Sufis of love embrace each other.

Like the torrent keeps flowing tirelessly
To the sea, soul remembers the Union of Elest⁸⁰
And jumps out from the body like a drunk.

Part has flown out from the bow
Of the whole, like an arrow.
But it has no target, no place to go but the wholeness.

Soul goes out from thousands of skins,
Starts the journey with joy.
His place is in the land of eternity.

The soul of truth embraced Him,
Held His skirt to reach known Soul; to attain their desires.

Souls hold His skirt with love.
He also bravely holds that eternal skirt.

O soul, go to Tebriz, ask this from Shems.
Ask and learn that you will mount the Burak⁸¹ of meaning.



54.

Verse 2978

*M*y beauty, everybody gets along,
And is merged with his own kind.
Everybody has found the friend
Who matches his own nature.

But the one who has Your brand
In his heart cannot choose anyone.
The one who has become prey for You
Cannot be hunted by anyone.

Since Your kindness took us out of our self,
Engulfed us in ecstasy,
Don't deprive us of Your favor.
Don't leave us without You.

Every species, everything,
Is united with the same and attracts the same kind.

The one who doesn't consort with the same causes trouble,
Like water with oil or snow with tar.

Until he separates from the other
And returns to his own, he becomes thirsty
And his thirst increases more and more.

Whoever runs away from You
And gets to like someone else,
Leaves You and stays with someone else.

He would sit at Your temple with a sour face
And frown like clouds,
Or smile like spring with someone else.

He seems to be saying,
"I have no share from the moon at the land of Absence;
The glass of soul, the wine of soul make my head dizzy."

Don't you remember the sound of the reed flute?
That wine of joy that you are drinking so nicely?
How come you drink wine
From the hands of a devil, to be stoned.

You will see what a bad and dirty shape you'll be.
Keep drinking hundreds of glasses of wine
From the devil's hand. Drink, O cheap beggar, drink.

Here, your head is down. Your face is sour.
Also you should know,
There is a dark monster here as big as a mountain.

When he is with his own,
He turns into an iris-like tongue.
With others, he is mute.
With his kind, he opens like a rose;
With others he is a thorn.

Go away, you can't be from the same species
With all creatures.
One branch cannot get pregnant for one fruit
From hundreds of trees.

If you belong to one tree like its branch,
Separate, break off from the others.
If you want to reach this one,
Take your hand away from the other.

How auspicious is that soul
That belongs to the same kind
As the one who is praised by Tebriz.
He reaches there and becomes enlightened.
Whatever he does, it is happy and auspicious.



55.

Verse 2994

*W*e are drunk; out of our Self.
You are hidden from us behind the curtain.
O Moon, appear, don't stay under the cloud.

We are a group of Your lovers.
We are called to instigate and create trouble;
To do a bunch of evil things.

At early dawn, the sun rose from Your face.
We were caught in the circle of Your face,
Climbed the roof to watch You.

We are drunk with the wine of sunshine.
Our heads are dizzy.
That flaming fire enlightened our head,
But, at the same time, we lost our head.

O player who fits in with the tunes
Of the heart of soul's lover,
Play better and more pleasant melodies of soul.

Play, so the Soul will get out of this mantle of flesh.
Soul, which is aware of everything,
Would pass from Self like a mantle.

Lift the id and bits of body
With pure, clean wine
So we will come close to Kingdom,
Face to face and chest to chest.

Eyes would see what is behind the curtains,
Be saved from house, roof and door.

The stately bird of soul would see thousands
Of gardens from Shemseddin, whom Tebriz praises;
Obtain thousands of wings.



56.

Verse 3003

O my hunting master,
You hunted me.
I have no pleasure without you;
No sleep and no constancy.

You own my heart.
You are the base of all my trade.
Don't deem proper all that
Oppression to this poor slave.

O one who has no Beloved
In the world of love, look at me.
I yell and scream in the Universe,
"O Beloved, O Beloved."

Give us the wine You offered the first time.
And sober us from our hangover
With those drunken eyes.

O sky, send the wine that You served.
You took the mind of the head of mind.
Send that wine.

You take care of thousands of businesses
With one look. At last, look at me once,
So that we can take care of this business.



57.

Verse 3009

*M*ake sure that nobody in this world
Will remain without somebody.
If you don't get along, someone else
Comes, instead, to that place.

If I leave this house,
If I vacate the house,
Either someone like me comes,
Or someone worse than me.

The world has been inherited for thousands of years.
When the father goes under the ground,
The son becomes the father.

It is not only men.
Animals are the same.
If it wasn't like that,
You wouldn't see any living creature.

At night when the sun leaves the roof of sky,
Stars and moon replace the sun.

When a person quits one profession, one business,
His nature will be occupied with another craft.

Because an agent is appointed to everyone's heart,
That agent won't leave them without work,
Business, provision or expedition.



58.

Verse 3016

*H*appy spring, the envoy of lovers suddenly came.
We are drunk. We are in love.
We are in a dream and have no constancy.

O eye, O candle, walk to the garden.
Don't keep waiting for the beauties of the green.

Envoys came from the land of Absence
To the garden and meadow.
Go and see, it is custom to meet their arrival.

The rose came to the garden
To celebrate your arrival.
The thorn became beautiful,
And was adorned seeing your face.

O cypress, give your ear, listen.
The iris turned into a tongue,
At the side of the river, to praise you.

The bud became a node-node, knot-knot.
But your grace opens the node, unties the knot.
That grace opens flowers for you,
And, again, scatters them over you.

Just like on the day of resurrection,
The ones who decayed in December,
The ones who died in January,
Are raising their heads from the ground.

The seed, which has been dead,
Came back to life. The water, which was
Hidden by the ground, has now appeared.

The branches, with fruits, shower coyness with joy.
The roots, which have no fruit, are hiding.

At the end, the trees of
Soul became like that, also.
The choice tree and stately branch
Would be known, become evident.

The Sultan of Sultans came with an army,
Dressed, put on a sash, and was armored
With a jasmine shield, a green Zulfekaar⁸².

They say, "Let's cut so and so's neck,
Like a leek."
Look at the art of God; see the obvious.

Yes, that's what it is.
When God's help comes,
One mosquito can destroy Nemrud.⁸³



59.

Verse 3029

Abandon thoughts and worries.
Don't give them any space in your heart,
Because you are naked.
Thoughts and worries are extreme cold.

You are in thought to be free from troubles and suffering.
But thought is the source of trouble and suffering.

There is no thought at the bazaar of art.
That place is beyond thought.
The one who is caught in atmosphere
Is the one who becomes a laughing stock to that.
Watch all the signs.

Look at the source of things that come to mind and thought.
Look for the One who turns this old, tough fate around.

The cheeks of the charmers are rosy with His art.
The face of lovers are pale because of His troubles.

Those thousands of birds come flying
From the land of Absence, very nicely.
Those hundreds of thousands of arrows
Were thrown from the same bow, at the same time.

Hundreds of wine makers are crushing grapes
In the land of Absence, without hands and feet,
Beyond the mind and imagination; making wine.

He makes bread without the fire
Of the tandir⁸⁴ of the heart,
The oven of the stomach, and stores it.
But the baker is invisible to the eyes.

He makes hundreds of thousands of paintings
On the earth's flat frame.
Boils the blood of females; and milks
Hundreds of jars of milk from that blood.

You called God.
A voice came from the sky.
Open your basket, O poor one,
A favor has come.

You opened your basket
But the favor was big and heavy and broke the basket.
Naturally, small things don't come from God's kitchen.

The one who sends quail
Sends manna from the sky,
Pulls the camel from the crack in the mountain.

The One who creates a strong,
Powerful man out of sperm,
Opens roads to the sleeper, to fly out from sleep!

He shows forms every moment in Absence
For the ones who fall asleep,
To wake up and go faster on their journey.

I follow the rule.
Since He told me, "Be silent!"
I am silent now.
That Ruler will tell the rest, one day, by Himself.



60.

Verse 3044

Tercî Bend

O fiery Beloved!
O fiery Charmer who gives calm to hearts,
Kindly come over and scratch the head of Your slaves.

We are Your soil,
Thirsty for Your water, Your plant.
Sow the seed of abundance and loyalty with Your hand.

Sow, that new plants and colorful flowers
Will grow on the surface of the earth.

At the bottom of every well
A reflection of the beautiful,
Moon-faced, rose-cheeked Joseph appears.

Forget that story.
Listen to the new story that just came in.

A Saint came up next to me.
He had a rose in his hand.
I asked, "Where is that from?"
"From that country," he said.

I said, "There is no trace of that
Spring in this world. Here, there are
Two hundred wounds from thorns for each rose."

"No, that spring is also here," he said,
"But you don't see it.
Your eyes are confused and darkened,
Just like the person who smokes hashish.

Purify and cleanse your heart
From thoughts and illusions.
Throw out that hashish from your hands.
Look at the garden and meadow."

Tell a verse of the Terci,
Because a glass came, full to its rim.
Soul is screaming.
Come, it is permissible to taste.

If you are fond of wine, if you are a brave master,
Don't be like the rose.
It drank one glass and dropped into a drunken sleep.

Come like hell and drink seven seas.
The Cupbearer calls you,
"O my sultan, may it do you good;
Become sugar and honey."

When man turns into a pearl,
His cup becomes an ocean.
When he opens his mouth,
The whole world becomes a morsel.

The world is only a mouthful.
But only for man, not for the mosquito.
It is a morsel for only
The one who was born of Adam.

Man doesn't give birth to mosquitoes.
Don't be a mosquito either.
Be a sultan.
Be a man like Cemshid, Husrev and Keykubad.⁸⁵

There is no taste of my talks,
Because I am not drunk now.
It is mere ceremony to try hard to make art;
To give literary value to words.

The mouth of the drunk resembles a beehive.
The honey bee flies around without aim or purpose.

Honey bees become drunk
From the honey in their mouth.
They keep flying with their
Honey and needle, into the wind.

They say, "We are free from the six-sided house.
The Sultan of Sultans, who gives
That sweet sherbet to the bees, saved us."

Terci wants bend⁸⁶.
But the drunk doesn't know
What a tie is; what a rope is.
He is not aware of them,
Because his mind is not in his head.

O Soul of Souls, bring the ruby glass.
Where are we?
Where do we listen to those long stories?

Open both your arms,
Embrace me like a belt.
Bring immortality; undress us.

You drank hundreds of glasses, then became
Silent like you had put a brick on your mouth.
But your drunken eyes
Keep inviting the drunks for drinking.

You are drinking constantly.
That wine's smell comes to two fersah.⁸⁷
Go ahead, drink. You know better.

Except, don't hide from me,
Because, as you know, like others,
I am your faithful servant.

There is another thing.
How could you hide wine?
Its effect becomes obvious on the face and head.
For sure, it will show up.

When you mount the camel, it bends its head down.
You are going to town
And asking people not to see you.

You know that much,
Yet, your drunk camel keeps saying,
"Af-af, see both of us."

Forget the bazaar and the market.
Ride your camel to the rose garden.
That is the place for the drunk and people
Who are compatible with each other.

O my beautiful,
Thousands of God's blessings to your beauty.
We are just fine.
I hope you are well, too.



61.

Verse 3074

O one who shows coyness and seduces people,
Salvation and the attainment of wishes
Are only possible by reaching You.
How happy is the one
Who has attained and is saved.

I have a fiery tongue.
It is like a candle with Your love,
Telling me You turned head and feet to tongue,
To flame and burn.

When you see struggles,
The noises of the day become death
Like a candle, but at night they lighten up.

I said, "I only burned for You.
I have peace with You,
O my leopard-looking male lion;
Don't hide. Don't disappear from my eyes."

Since You attracted me,
Made me a slave, don't hide Your face from me.
Since You tore this curtain,
Don't put another one in front of me.

O Fountain of Life, have mercy, don't stay away.
Don't hide from the one who used to drink from You,
From this separation.

First such a favor, later this fire, burning, melting down.
What is this?
First, saying its permissible, then forbidden.
What kind of opinion on a matter of cannon law is that?

O smiling soul, smiling fate,
Smile on our face so, that in the depth of winter,
The cypress will smile, the rose will smile.

If you go to the garden of Soul in the middle of winter,
You'll see hundreds of months of July
In every corner in that cold.

"You go to the garden of Soul" he says.
I ask, "Where is the road?"
"Still," he says, "You haven't
Learned the road to the garden."

The place where words which have subtle meaning,
And witticisms resemble the soul,
Is the place where the road is,
O one who is fond of words that have subtle meaning
And witticism and gives his life to the wind.

You ask our look; don't get into subtle meaning
But, hard-to-understand words.
Why do you have the stately bow?
Don't hang on the dust of the bow.

If Self has become old; heart is young.
Soul is very fresh.
Its face is like a newly-opened violet.

If you don't have generosity in your heart,
By birth and wealth;
Possession and position won't make you rich.

Even if you are rich and hiding your wealth,
It doesn't matter.
There are so many sneaky ones looking
For the chance to come to the surface.

O one who wants pearls, jewels and stones,
How do you know what you have, in the darkness?

Pick up the broken odds and ends,
The stones from the road,
The pearls from the bottom of the sea.
Don't print counterfeit money at night.
You will be caught during the day.

Check the money with the right scale.
Throw away the one that is harmful to you.
Take the scale that helps you.



62.

Verse 3092

*T*he phoenix suddenly came from Kafdag.⁸⁸
The bird of my heart started to fly again.

The bird, which has been following you like a drunk,
Burned the feed, fluttered and flew.

The eye, that was full of blood
On the night of separation, saw daylight again.

Siddik⁸⁹ and Mustafa⁹⁰ became friends at the cave;
The spider is making webs at the door of the cave again.

The teeth of joy and pleasure have become blunt.
Their face has turned sour.
Today, they smiled
And started biting the sugar of union again.

He tore the armor, that he wore on battle day,
Down to his navel again.

The women of Egypt saw the face of Joseph again.
They picked up the orange, while watching Joseph,
And cut their hands again.

Cry for help from Joseph
That Salome will give loads of rubies
To buy him from auction.

The beautiful bloody eyes of Joseph's lions
Spread out in the lover's blood again.

Soul's woman, who is staying at her house,
Fell in love, grabbed her cover
And started running again.

The Beloved's love kettle,
That cooks and matures the raw ones,
Was put, again, at the top of the brain and
Started boiling and cooking the brain again.

Look at Abraham.
He started sucking milk and honey
From the fingers of love.

The heart who repents the love of the Beloved
And retires at His side,
Starts feeling the magic of the Beloved
And will be persuaded again.

The heart which climbs the roof
Of the thoughts of sleepers,
Starts counting stars, one by one,
With our love again.

The melancholy of that no-good, deceitful thief
Starts climbing the hair, like a rope, again.

The coyness in the essence of love
Put scraps of gold, silver and copper in his hand,
Like a jeweler who is an expert in his business.

There is kindness and favor
At God's Shem's at Tebriz.
He starts pulling us to himself, by our ears again.



O beautiful, you run away for hundreds of years,
 And don't come close to us.
 Still, we turn your business upside-down,
 Make it like ours.

Don't run away. Inevitably, you
 Will pass through the wheel of fortune.
 It doesn't matter whether
 You are a roaring lion or a tamed lamb.

The body is like a boil
 Grown on the shoulder of soul.
 When it is ready,
 It drains itself without a knife.

How lucky is that false one
 Who stays away from false.
 He stuck himself to God's love
 Without glue, without paste.

They measure by yards,
 Cutting and sewing the dress of life
 Day and night.
 It will surely come to an end one day;
 Either at night or in the morning,

Poor man. Love has exhausted him.
 That rider became too heavy for the horse.
 Its back is hurt.

Be silent. Annihilate in the land of silence.
 The job of His love
 Is to kill the lovers of faith and sect.



64.

Verse 3116

*T*hey say the Sultan of Love has no loyalty.
It is false.

"There is no end of your night," they say,
"You cannot see daylight."
It is false.

They say, "Why are you killing yourself for love?
When the body dies, there is no life."
It is false.

"It is useless to shed tears for love," they say,
"Once you close your eyes,
You can't see, you can't meet."
It is false.

They say, "When our time is up,
When we have finished our time,
Soul doesn't go to the other side."
It is false.

The ones who imagine and don't give up fancies say,
"The stories of prophets are fiction,
Only for the imagination."
It is false.

The ones who are not on the right road say,
"Men cannot reach the door of God."
It is false.

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The one who doesn't know the secret of heart says,
"God won't tell the secret; the Absolute Secret
To men without an intermediary."
It is false.

They say, "The secret of heart is not open to man,
He cannot be accepted in heaven."
It is false.

They say, "The man who is made of mud cannot
Be acquainted with the community of heaven."
It is false.

They say, "Clean soul cannot fly out of this nest
With the wings of love."
It is false.

They say, "The real sun won't award or punish
People for small goodness or badness."
It is false.

Be silent.
If someone tells you there is no speech possible
Without words or sounds,
It is false.



*T*oday is the day of joy.
 This year is the year of enjoyment.
 We are good.
 Also, good to the garden and meadows.

Spring is here.
 The rose tells the narcissus, with a smile,
 "We haven't seen the ugly face of the raven,
 It is good news for you and, for me."

The rose is the appetizer for the nightingale.
 Sugar for the parrots. It doesn't matter
 If the raven can't see it, for its obstinacy.
 Earth is green and full of tulips.

The pomegranate told the apple,
 "Give me a peach."
 The apple tree answered, "All the loafers
 Of the gardens and meadows ask that."

One must give soul to Jesus to get the peach;
 Especially real soul. Not the one
 That grew up from heart and head.

The garden and meadow are both the drunks
 Of the envoy who came from the Heaven of Absence.
 Listen and hear, "The job of the envoy
 Is only to carry the message."⁹¹

Open new, fresh wings and arms
 Under the sun of kindness,
 Because clouds and fog
 Are all gone in front of the sun.

The Cupbearer of spring poured such a wine
That even the thirsty of the land of Absence
Are fulfilled by the favor.
They called, "Enough."

Our Sun entered the sign of Aries
At the spring of soul, and stayed there.
There is neither fear of winter
Nor of December and January. It is wonderful.

Shake your head to tell me to, "Come this way."
I will come. Then scratch my head.
That's what I want. I cannot give this up.

Drag your feet today, the cupbearer is standing.
Soil is soaked in water. Sky is adorned
With hundreds of candles of light.

Sometimes He shows fire, other times water.
My heart was scorched.
I used to have mountains in my heart.
He saved me from all of them.

Grief is in the paws of the cat, screaming "geek-geek."
Say that either you cry "eek-eek" or "gek-gok."
There is no salvation for you.

Throw the distaff to the fire. Don't spin cotton.
These worlds, this alphabet
Became stuck in your throat.
Your neck turned into a spindle because of that.



66.

Verse 3142

*T*oday is the day of joy.
This year is the year of the rose.
We are all fine.
We hope the rose will do well, too.

Help came to the rose
From the Beloved's rose garden.
From now on, our eyes won't see
The decline of the rose.

The eyes of the narcissus became drunk.
The garden is smiling
From the clamor and beauty of the rose.

The iris is telling secrets
About the love of the nightingale
To the ear of the cypress;
Explaining the good disposition of the rose.

The rose came running to help us
And tore its clothes
We also tear ours because of the joy of the meeting.

The rose is such a world that
It doesn't fit in this world.
Even the world of imagination
Cannot imagine the rose.

Who is the one who is called Rose?
A messenger from the garden of soul and heart.
What is the rose?
It is a small thing that indicates
The eternal beauty of the real Rose.

Let's hold the skirt of the rose
And go to the eternal rose sapling
Together, with a smile.

The origin of the rose is that eternal rose sapling
Which has grown out of the sweat of Mustafa.⁹²
Came out from his kindness and because of him,
The rose turned into a full moon from a new moon.

You pick leaves of the rose,
But they give life back, again and again.
They offer new arms and wings to the rose.

How did the rose accept the invitation of spring?
It was dead, not even in existence.
It came like four birds flying toward Abraham.

Be silent hodja.
Don't open your lips.
Sit in the shade of the rose
And smile like a bud under closed lips.



*P*ity to ourselves for losing
 All the advantages,
 All the opportunities.
 Pity to our soul.

I am separated from the Soul
 Who is praised by every tribe.
 Even the rocks feel sorry about my situation.
 They cry and wail for me.

If they load my separation
 On the top of Mount Sinai
 Or on the hills of Safa⁹³ for one moment,
 They will fall down with earthquakes.

When the sparks of love
 Inside of us appear,
 They will burn all the ones who blamed us.

If one particle from Your beauty
 Reflects on the earth,
 There won't be any dangerous desert for caravans.

I vow to the Union
 That its greatness brightens the heart,
 And to the glory that even
 The greatest man won't understand.

I vow those secret things that
 Have happened between us, I cannot tell
 Openly, but only explain with metaphors.

I vow that Your generosity and blessing
 Will always stay in my heart,
 But they are impossible to talk about.

Have us reach union so our wishes
And our desires will be fulfilled.

My eyes are red, and swollen so much
That I don't have the power
Or strength to meet with guests.

I should put a handful of soil
From in front of his door to my eyes,
As a salve, so my eyes would be brightened.

Is all the soil of Tebriz like that soil?
Is this possible?
The body that says I am exactly like Soul,
Shouldn't exist.

Our master, our owner Shemseddin!
Have a long life.
His blessing is a ring on my neck.
He is the one who makes my business,
And my occupation, successful.



*D*on't get tired and discouraged with us.
 We are very beautiful.
 Because of our jealousy, we cover ourselves.

When we throw away the cover
 Of body from soul one day, you will see us.
 The moon will be jealous of us;
 So will the star of Ferkad⁹⁴.
 They will both be longing for us.

Wash your face. Clean yourself.
 If you don't wash and become purified
 Our beauty is enough for us.
 Stay away from us.

Ours is not the beauty that will get old in time.
 We are eternally young.
 Our heart is in comfort.
 There is no beginning to our beginning,
 No end to our end.

If the cover becomes worn out,
 The beauty will not get old.
 The cover of our life is mortal,
 But we are immortal.

When the devil saw the cover of Adam,
 He turned his face.
 Adam called to him, "You are exiled, denounced;
 But we are not."

The rest of the angels prostrate to him,
 And say, "We fall in love with a beauty."

There is such a beauty under the cover,
That his beauty took our minds.
"We fall in prostration," they said.

If our mind doesn't differentiate
The old and feeble from the beautiful
In the world of Love,
We should change our religion.

What is the word of beautiful?
He is the Lion of God.
We are talking like a kid.
Actually, we are children reading our a-b-c's.

They persuade children with walnuts and raisins.
If we are not kids,
We don't deserve walnuts and raisins.

An old lady with worn armor and helmet
Is hiding behind them, saying,
"I am the hero of war, the great Rustem."⁹⁵

It does not matter what she wears
And how much she decorates herself,
She is a woman.
How can we make that mistake.
We are submerged in the Glory of Ahmed.⁹⁶

Believers would understand and differentiate,⁹⁷
That's what Mustafa said.
Be silent. We found the right way without words.

Listen to the rest of it from Shems
Whom Tebriz praises, because
We haven't heard the whole story from our sultan.



69.

Verse 3182

We are the thirsty during the famine.
 We eat many meals.
 We are not helpless,
 But we are the remedy of trouble,
 Help to the helpless.

We are wine at the assembly, the sword in war.
 We are like a fountain in thanks;
 Like rock marble in endurance.

We are not the sultan of money,
 Who takes a bribe.
 We patch, we sew our mantles that are all in bits.

Don't try to hide secrets from us.
 We are already in your heart.
 Don't try to take your heart from us.
 Your heart is in our hands.

We are the hidden sea under the straw.
 Or the sun which shines on stars.

Don't look at the way we stand on the edge
 Of the roof like a drunk.
 Even the roof knows we have no edge or side.

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Why should moonlight be afraid
 Of reflecting at the edge of the roof?
 Why should we worry?
 We are riding the moon.

It doesn't matter if our lungs
Have been a target for arrows.
Look and see. We are not
Concerned with trouble like that.
We are involved with so many other things.

The butcher of the village
Cut us by wailing and tearing.
Yet, we are at the pasture of the village,
Still hanging at the slaughterhouse.

We are Muhre⁹⁸, at the same time, Muhr i hokka.⁹⁹
We are not involved with the uproar
Of the heart going up and down at the same time.
We passed to the other side, watching ourselves.

We are giving the good news of Ahmed,¹⁰⁰
And talking in the cradle as a child, like Jesus.
But we will keep silent.

With the love of Shems,
Whom Tebriz praises day and night,
Burn and kill the devils with flames and sparks.¹⁰¹



*W*e are looking at Your face.
 We gave up the meadows and rose gardens.
 We are lost in the view of Your eyes.
 We gave up the wine and the wine maker.

We pawned the house, made home Your quarters.
 We demolished the store and gave up work.

Love kept looking at all our belongings.
 We gave up profits, losses and trading.

It is impossible for one hand to get involved with love,
 The other hand to worry about name, fame and honor.
 I gave up shame, bashfulness and modesty.

The land of joy and inner calmness were given to us.
 We gave up the wealth and poverty of "more or less."

Our head has exalted over the top of the sky, because
 We gave up head and turban with the pleasure of love.

"What," we are saying, "are you denying?"
 We gave up the declaration and denial of both worlds.

Look at that handful of dogs.
 How they fight with each other.
 We are not dogs. We are not born from dogs.
 We gave up the carcass.

Only God knows your secrets.
 That is more than enough.
 We have given up the evils of the bad ones,
 And the deceits of the deceitful.

How could the lesson that love gave, be forgotten.
At last, we gave up talk about him and being
Involved with a war of words or repeating him.

Whatever you do secretly
Grows and becomes apparent.
Sow any seed you desire. We give up.

The magnet of the companions
Who attract us and make us talk;
We have given up talking this way.

We even gave up the sun that whirls around the sky,
Because of the grace of Shemseddin's face,
To whom Tebriz gives praise.



71.

Verse 3207

*R*ise, let's drink the wine
From the big earthen jars.
This is the assembly of the Sultan of Sultans.
Why shouldn't we drink wine at this assembly?

The Sultan is a sea,
And that wine is so sweet, so penetrating,
Offer that ruby-colored wine.
Offer it and see what our essence is.

The Sun scattered light to the earth
From such a glass that we also fly high
With drunkenness, like particles.

The eternal Sun has offered such a wine for us
That we don't look at the glass
Of this Sun out of our pride.

Bring this wine that burns the mind
And enlightens the heart.
Bring it so that we will be freed
From the mud of existence, like soul.

We drink full glasses because we know
The kindness and favors of the Sultan.
We are ahead in drinking,
But we are behind in rendering services.

Because, to be grateful
We impede those who render services.
On this side we are developed,
And on the other side very lean.

Enlighten us by the shining light
That is a niche wherein is a lamp¹⁰².
We already radiate with the flame of that light.

Body is heated, by the flame of this wine,
Like an oven, then cooled.
Burn us like wood so we won't be cold.

Soul is like the lantern
Of the sky; full of fires.
The oven is to find out if we are false
Like copper, or real gold.

O rose-cheeked one,
Bring the glass that resembles a tulip.
We will harvest jasmine, like a rose,
Because of that tulip-looking glass.

Smile nicely, bring the essence
Of the beauty to the assembly.
We are nice to everybody;
But much better when we are with you.

Musician, play that new tune once more.
You are nice and pleasant,
But we are more pleasant.

Exalt! Your beautiful voice comes to us.
We are like marble rock for loyalty to your love.

You inherited that breath from Jesus.
Blow in our ear, we are like a shrill pipe.
Give the same sounds that come to the ear.

Mouth is full of words;
But you keep silent
Because we are next to envious people
Who are full of denials.



We cannot be understood or agreed with
 By anyone in this earth.
 We cannot build a house under the dome of the sky.

We are languid, drunk and thirsty.
 We keep drinking.
 Everybody said "enough"
 And dropped into a drunken stupor.
 We don't have enough.

This is the sea of God's compassion.
 The enemy is the foam, the id and bid.
 We cannot give away the wave of heart
 For every id and bid.

Like the big-nosed Ad-Semud¹⁰³
 We don't build a house or hut
 In the land of Absence.

We don't build anything but the house of love
 On that property of the immortals,
 Like Noah and Abraham.

When we want to hunt,
 The place we go is the mountain of Kaf.¹⁰⁴
 We don't hunt carcasses, like a vulture.

When there are beautiful, clean houris,
 We don't take the black devil,
 Who persuades the whores, like a bride.

We don't plant the sapling,
 Whose fruit is grief, in the soil of greed.

When the taste of His auspiciousness
Is in our eyes,
We don't even look at the auspicious soul.

Be silent.
From now on we don't pay attention
To the verse or the rhyme,
Because they are not from our kind.



73.

Verse 3233

*M*y bloody tears are dripping, shlip, shlip, shlip,¹⁰⁵
Because of this glass that fills the empty ones,
Every moment, with deep, red-colored wine.
These sounds remind me of a drum.
O Heart, beat the drum with gratitude, gum, gum, gum.¹⁰⁶

You have found the drum of wine.
Go ahead, beat the drum of gratitude.
Beat it with zir¹⁰⁷ sometimes, O Heart.
At other times the bem¹⁰⁸ pitches, bem, bem, bem.

Buy one drum from the drum sellers.
I will play it so I can pull the roots,
Break the branches of grief from earth's garden.

An army came suddenly.
The commander of the army is love.
Everywhere was filled with flags and drums.
The mountain and the valley were filled.

We became full of wine,
But the cupbearer kept serving
In spite of that, like an ocean.

Do you know why the sea became rough and choppy?
Ask me, I am a man from the sea.

Its floor has become too small for the sea.
It wants a larger space.
That's why water rises to the air.

O my beauty, water made travel
Its habit when it was in the sky.
It rains from the sky,
Cascades from the mountain and runs in the river.

Our water of life is the same
As the water of the sea.
We also flow from existence
To Absence in waves.

There is no rest for the soul,
Neither on this earth made of dust,
Nor in the air under the tilted dome of the sky.

Whichever garden flourishes,
Soul is attracted there.
That means soul wants to reach the arms
Of the greatest of the great Sultans.

For that reason, don't give up.
You can still drink wine.
We accept the cruelty, the reprimand.

Be silent.
You instigate trouble in the city.
But the soul of your uncle is like an ocean.
Don't wait in vain for his silence.



*D*on't say anything.
 I obtained a secret treasure.
 I gave a soul but I received the universe.

My face looks like a jeweler's face.
 He says, "I gave a bid for gold.
 I bought a gold mine."

I have been hit with so many arrows
 From the beloved's beautiful face,
 But I received such arrows from his eyebrows.

I will tell this to the people, unequivocally.
 I shouldn't tell that I bought this from so-and-so.

I was mute, like a fish,
 But I saw someone who has sugar lips.
 I bought a tongue from him.

Suddenly, I grew up like a tree in a garden.
 I have found a trace in that invisible garden.

I said, "There is no end, no beginning for this garden."
 But I found a corner in that nothingness.

I have met Shemseddin, to whom Tebriz gives praise.
 Then I reached the Kiran¹⁰⁹ beyond two worlds.



75.

Verse 3254

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Rise, O lovers.
Let's all ascend to the sky.
We have seen this earth.
Let's see the other one.

No. No. Both gardens are beautiful and nice,
But let's give up both of them and go to the Gardener.

We run toward the sea by prostrating like the torrent.
Once we merge with the sea, we walk
And run, clapping our hands like foam over the sea.

To go on a journey from the world of grief
To the world of weddings and joy,
We leave this pale face that's like saffron,
And get a pink one, like the purple juda tree.

We'll arrive at the land of mercy
By trembling like a leaf
From fear of falling.

We are in a foreign land.
There is no way to stay away from trouble.
We are on the journey of the country of soil,
Impossible to be free from dust.

We will fly, fluttering our beautiful wings
Like green parrots.
We have become the land of sugar.
We'll go to the square of sugar.

All these forms are evidence of that painter,
Though His trace is not apparent.
We will go to that painter
Who is hidden from evil eyes.

It is a road full of danger and trouble,
But love is our guide.
Love teaches us how to journey on that road.

The Grace of the Sultan's shadow will protect us.
Even then, it is better to go with the caravan.

We resemble rain on a roof full of cracks and holes.
We should avoid the cracks, go through the gutter pipe.

We are bent like the bow,
Because the bowstring is in our throat.
We came here straight.
We should go like an arrow; fly out of the bow.

We have stayed at home like a mouse,
Because of the fear of cats.
If we are the sons of the Lion,
We should go to that Lion.

We purify our soul like a mirror,
For beauty, like Joseph's,
So we will arrive at His beauty with gifts.

We will keep silent.
The One who makes us talk would say,
"And we will go that way."



76.

Verse 3269

Open your eyes and look.
We are bright because of those eyes.
Never do we turn our eyes from that face.

Burn, flame, flame.
Enlighten your chest for your moth.
Brighten, so we can throw ourselves to the flame.

Increase the fear of love.
We don't want to be sure.
Our total security is in the fear of Your love.

Good news comes every day
From Your candle to the moth.
Say, "Die." Die so we can give
You a new soul. We have your ransom.

We go out of ourselves. We leave our existence.
The day when you say, "I exist only with love,"
Is the day we are in joy and happiness.

We have seen the beauty of your garden.
That's why our stature is like the cypress.
That's why we are as talkative as the iris.

Go and burn rose gardens of the present time.
Because we fell in love with your face
And went into that rose garden.

O one whose heart has been withered; and has
Become upside-down on the road of love.
Hurry, run to us, because we are an iron fortress.

We poured out all the water of our face,
Because of the pleasure of the fire
Of the Sultan of Tebriz, Shemseddin's, face.
We turned into pure fat.



77.

Verse 3278

O One who grabs and pulls my ear,
You are my clear eye.
Why do you want to lead me to the garden?
You are my meadow. You are my rose garden.

I have been on Your table all my life.
I eat Your blessing.
I have been beating the drum
Under the shadow of Your kindness.

Beloved, I rub my eyes to see
If it is a dream or reality.
I wonder, is it me or not?
I cannot believe it.

Yes, I am, I only leave "Self."
I undress from existence.
I stand in front of Your full moon
Like a pale, thin new moon.

I despise even the crown of the king of kings.
The desire of Your face is a collar on my neck.
That is only natural.

I am eating Your blessing
In Your sea with the fish.
I don't get along with the ones on land
Because of my jealousy; like water and oil.

If the nail of torment
Scratches my wish's vein,
I'll give beautiful melodies like the harp.

But You also understand that
I don't have one vein or artery.
If you find one, I'll cut it out from its roots.

You asked, "What is your business?
The one who is annihilated has no business."
Yes, it is true.
If I am not annihilated,
Why has Absence become my home and country?

You are the trumpet of the day of resurrection.
I am dead.
You are the soul of spring.
I am a cypress, an iris.

I say this with broken language.
You say the whole thing.
You are a mind, of the mind of mind, of the mind.
I am just a fool.

I made a painting,
It is for You to give soul.
You are the Soul of Soul, of the soul.
I am someone who asks only of the body.



78.

Verse 3291

You look like clear, clean water.
Don't make it turbid,
Don't put a curtain over your heart.
Don't close your heart,
Don't do this. Don't do it O Heart.

Clean people gathered around the heart
For an outing and, for looking.
Don't be bashful for them.
Don't make the heart shameful for them.

Heart is yelling to say,
"Pull yourself from love."
If you become totally soul,
Don't make heart stingy like that.

They change copper to gold.
This is another knowledge.
For the things you are doing
Copper won't become gold.
Quit those things.

O heart, it has been a long time
That you have been away from soul.
Thirty years have passed.
Don't make thirty become forty.¹¹⁰

The thing crushed in the mortar of sky is not salve.
Don't put this in your eye, like salve.

There is so much uproar.
Don't stop at every cross in the road.
Time has past.
Day is ending, don't loiter around.

*B*eloved, bring wine.
 Complete my fortune.
 Make my joy as auspicious
 As the land of mercy and soundness.

Venus is like a small slave at your wine gathering.
 Your heart's sun is eclipsed; bring the sun again.
 That moon becomes a slave and a servant.

Bring meal from the sky, like Jesus.
 Make the people give up this bread, this soup.

Bring back to life a handful of frozen people
 With your warm breath.
 Make the greatest of the great sultans
 Out of a handful of poor beggars.

Give a smile to cheer this frowning wrinkled face.
 Make eternal this cut-finished life.

O yearning of all heads, scratch the lover's head.
 O pleasure of every stage,
 Come to our arms, make a stage there.

There is no light in the house if there is no glass.
 We have now found the house; look for the glass.

Your kindness keeps giving us
 Hundreds of thousands of blessings.
 Heart is bewildered.
 It doesn't know what to say or what it wants.

Be silent, the Beloved answers without questions.
 You just keep watching, quit talking.



I see from your face and from
Your smell that you are mad.
You took your heart from the friend
Who loves, protects and feels sorry for you.

Because of the shape of the objects
That come from your face,
Which resembles the sun, my back is
Hunched like the sky. My chest is dark blue.

Your angry eyes look like thrown arrows.
Because of them, hundreds of stature-like
Straight arrows bend down like bows.

My questioning made you mad;
Closed your lips.
Because of the sorrow of this,
No heart, no soul, and no tongue is left in me.

Your favor was a ladder to the roof
Of kingdom and the house of fortune.
You have given up all these favors.
Break the ladder now.

O one whose image became the
Soul of hundreds of souls,
In the name of God,
My begging is not just to save my soul.

Remember, one night you wanted a sign, a trace
From the soul which turned to blood.
I'll show that to you.

For the sake of that night,
Put that black curly hair around my neck;
Pull me like a drunk.

Pull, so that soul will go with joy.
At the land of Absence your hair becomes a club.
Heart is a ball. Heart will roll with your club.

Establish the bench of justice
At Shemseddin's town, Tebriz,
That the throne would be enlightened
And earth would give praise.



81.

Verse 3317¹¹¹

I heard you are contemplating a journey. Don't.
You want to love someone else;
To be the friend of someone else. Don't.

You are a stranger in this world.
There is no one like you.
You are peerless.
Why do you want to go to a foreign land? You are
Hurting the one whose heart is wounded. Don't.

Don't leave and go among the foreigners.
You are looking surreptitiously to others. Don't.

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O Moon-face, even the sky becomes
Upside down because of you.
You break and spread us to the ground,
Turn us upside-down. Don't.

Why do you make vows and promises? You are
Using your vows and coyness as a shield. Don't.

Where is the oath you made with me?
Where is your promise?
You are breaking the oath you made with this man.
You go back on your own word. Don't.

O His deed is higher, better than existence and absence.
You are leaving the world of existence. Don't.

Heaven and hell are under your rule.
You are changing heaven to hell for us. Don't.

We are safe and secure in your land of sugar.
But you are adding poison to the sugar. Don't.

My soul is like a stove full of fire.
Isn't it enough, what you have done?
You turned my face to gold.
I turn pale yellow. Don't.

If you hide your face, even the moon becomes dark.
Do you want the moon to be eclipsed?
If that's what you want. Don't.

When you become angry and silent,
Our lips also become dry.
Why do you wash our eyes with tears?
Don't do that.

Since you have no tolerance for the gathering of lovers,
Why do you go crazy?
Don't look at lovers, don't see them.

You don't give halva because of a diet.
You don't show a pleasant face,
But you are making your sick worse. Don't.

My eyes, which have been used
To look at forbidden things,
Are the thieves of your beauty.
You are punishing this thief of eyes. Don't.

You are leaving O my companion.
It is not time to talk.
Love has no head. Even then,
Why do you attempt to cut your head? Don't.



82.

Verse 3333

You are becoming tired and bored with us. Don't.
You are getting mad, turning your face from us. Don't.

You only think about yourself, your good,
And want to hurt us.
Nobody gains anything from that, including you.
Don't do that.

You agree not to hurt us.
But for whose sake do you put up with that?

Instead of wine you give a vineyard of grief.
Don't do that.
Why do you make blood flow on the river bed?
Don't do that.

You are taking away the joy of pleasure from my face.
Don't do that.
You target your look to my face.
Don't do that.

You are killing an innocent.
At the same time, you feel sorry.
You are the one who is cutting my way.
At the same time you are wailing.

My hands and feet are unable to do anything,
Because I am the drunk of the Beloved.
Let the drunk fall down.
Why are you pulling? Don't do that.

You are saying, "Come, I'll make
The patient like a shepherd for the sheep.
Why do you make the wolf a shepherd for the sheep?
Don't do that.

During the day, you are devout.
At night you kill the devout.
Tonight is the night of peace,
But you are still doing that. Don't.

O my Beautiful, all the friends have become
Enemies with each other because of jealousy.
Why are you making this friend
An enemy to the other? Don't.

"Don't drink wine," you say.
If you don't give wine,
Why are you making this one's lips so dry?
Don't do that.

"Go straight like an arrow,
Fly in our air," you say.
But how come you are bending the straight arrow,
Making a bow out of it? Don't do that.

You are saying to me, "Be silent."
But you are the one making me talk.
Every hair on my body turned into a tongue
Because of your love.



I see you are contemplating tormenting
And scolding me. Don't.
Getting ready to leave us. Don't.

O, apple of my eye,
You are shedding my blood like a roaring lion
At the grass of jealousy. Don't.

You are holding my fate upside-down like a pen. Don't.
You are bending my back like a branch. Don't.

O my Beautiful, you are God's grace and kindness.
In spite of that, why are you changing yourself
Into God's curse, God's torture? Don't do that.

You caught my heart with your kindness and favors.
Then why do you separate
My heart from this kindness and favor?

Why do you checkmate the pawn, who became
A king because of the beauty of your face, with grief
And turn him again into a poor beggar? Don't do that.

Why do you change the one who became a full moon,
With the light of your face, into a new moon with troubles?

Whether believer or unbeliever,
All are in your hands.
So why do you fight with the unbeliever? Don't.

Go out of yourself, like Moses.
Be silent like his staff.
Why do you echo like Mount Sinai? Don't.



*B*eloved, bring wine, exalt my fortune.
Make your curly hair be a halter to my heart.

It is a beautiful gathering.
We are all friends and are happy.
Put some incense into the fire, for evil eyes.

Pour that wine that cannot be spared
To the head of thoughts and worries. Pass out of
Yourself and put this conceited heart in its place.

O grief, go away.
You have no business with drunks.
Wherever you find one who is sober, harm him.

Drunks are free from thoughts and worries.
You go and bother the ones who have not
Been able to free themselves.

The soul, who became drunk at the assembly
Of "the righteous shall drink of a cup whereof
The mixture is of the water of Kafur,"¹¹²
Will laugh to the cry of the one
Who followed his fun and fancies.

Look and see, all of these people's beards
Are in the hand of death.
See and pity; save them from death,
Make them benefit from that.

O moon, load all your belongings on the ox.
Start the journey.
Don't get in a discussion with
The drunken lion hunter. Quit advising.

Look at our eyes. See how drunk we are?
Make us ride the dun horse.
Offer red and gray-yellow wine.

If you find one sober hair in our body,
Reckon with it, scribble seventy books.

O black-faced nature, go to the land of the Hindu.
O love that resembles a Turk,
Ride your horse, go to the city of Cend.

Wherever you get drunk, stay there.
Make that place your house.
Wherever you drink wine, sleep there.

If there is no soul food for you at God's table,
Go, stick your head into the cowshed.

If you want to have beauties of the sky
Appear to you and flirt with you,
Give your heart to the One who makes the mirror.
He will make it shine, be clean.

O Heart, be silent. Talk without words.
When you talk about Absolute world,
Talk without tongue, without lips.



*H*ang around with lovers; always choose love.
 Don't be a friend, for even one moment,
 To the one who is not a lover.

If the Beloved will kindly uncover His face
 From the curtains of greatness,
 Go and admire His open face.

See the face of someone who
 Has a trace from His face.
 Watch the beauty when the sun
 Shines on his forehead.

The sun put its cheek to His cheek
 And gave such a light that,
 When the moon sees His face
 It passes out and falls to the ground.

That "Thee alone we worship" verse of the Koran
 Is written on the hair falling to his forehead.
 In his eyes there is the look of,
 "Thee alone we ask for help."¹¹³

His body is like a specter. It has no blood, no veins.
 His inside and outside consist of milk and honey.

The peerless Beloved hugged him so much,
 Took him in His arms; that he now smells
 Of the Beloved's smell.
 No smell of that soil is left on him.

He is such a morning that he has no whiteness;
 Such an evening that there is no color to paint it.
 He is such an individual that he has no side or back;
 Such a living being that he doesn't resemble this life.

Why should the sun borrow light from the sky?
Why should the rose sapling
Ask for smell from the jasmine?

Be silent like fish.
Become pure and clean like sea water so you
Will quickly obtain pearl and jewel treasures.

Let me tell you. Don't tell anyone.
Do you know who has all these qualities?
Shemseddin, the one who is praised by Tebriz.



My God, who is the one who
 Pulls us to himself with the trap
 Of the ones who plunge into silence in ecstasy?

O One who grabs and pulls us
 From the collar of our soul,
 From the group of the conceited,
 To the ones who become drunk
 And pass out of themselves!

O One who holds our ear,
 Scatters our mind and intelligence!
 O One who becomes Cupbearer to the mind,
 Gives peace and comfort
 To the one whose mind is not in his head!

You pull us without hands.
 Kill us without swords.
 Eyes and looks that kill lovers without reason
 Are the student of your eyes, your looks.

The fountain of life
 Is the shore of the martyr of Your love.
 Satisfy the thirsty with that blessing.

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It is the breeze of Your union
 That opens the knots of the heart.
 Send a breeze to the branch of hope.

The beauty in the world of existence
 Is at the motionless center.
 All the searches and actions, above and below,
 Originate from the One who sits motionless.

The goal of the passengers is to reach
The one who sits some place.
The purpose of the speaker
Is to make the silent one hear him.

Fire is hidden in the water.
When water boils it turns into fire;
Makes noises because of the fire.

When you give up forms, you will reach soul.
When you leave the one whose face is like a moon,
You ascend to the sky.

Why do you leave your wallet with the penniless?
Why do you throw your life at the feet of a wizard?

After the head of the gypsies took your hat and shoes,
It doesn't matter if you are peasant or cavalry.

Knowledge is your weapon,
Which is the sign of manhood.
If you are not a man it is better to have no weapons.

Don't say anything now because words
Are like sounds at the bottom of water.
If you are not blind, if your eyes see,
Lift your head and look at the sun.



O One who changes the soul, moment by moment,
 To different shapes inside of the body!
 O One who is closer to me than my
 Thought of these subtle points!

Why should I think of the past, the future?
 You are the taste of time, the Kible of time.

You are the soul of truth;
 At the same time, dreams of the dream,
 And of all these great big forms
 And shapes beyond description.



YOUTH, drunkenness and love all came.
 Auspicious spring came
 And brought them all together.

They all cover themselves with different shapes.
 I mean, the thought that all were in mind
 Form different shapes. Just watch them.

Heart is the corridor for the eyes.
 Whatever comes from there goes to the eyes
 And turns into different shapes and forms.

"Hidden thoughts shall be searched out."¹¹⁴
 All hell broke loose in the garden and meadow.
 Those Chinese beauties show their hearts.

In other words, they are saying if you
 Have a heart, show it.
 How long will your heart be hidden under the dust?

In the winter the garden prays,
 "Thee alone we worship."
 In the springtime the garden prays,
 "To Thee alone we ask help."

"Thee alone we worship." means,
 "I came to ask Your favor;
 Open the door of joy and pleasure.
 Don't leave us with sorrow and grief like that."

"Thee alone we ask for help." means,
 "My branches are full of fruits.
 I am about to be broken.
 O One who helps, O One from whom help is asked,
 Help me."

The tulip says to the rose,
"How funny, the narcissus is looking at,
And constantly admiring, the jasmine.

The iris came to talk.
"Shame on you O big mouth,
Don't look down on anybody," says the jasmine,
"Don't be bitter about anyone."

The violet bent down, but is was all pretense.
He is a marvelous impostor.
My friend, the water lily,
Knows all about its deceptions.

The head of the hyacinth was bending
Left and right because of its drunkenness.
Spring breezes are at the left side,
Mints are at the right.

Grass is running after the cypress with bare feet.
The bud is hiding its face from evil eyes.

The willow tree is admiring and wondering
Why this fresh branch dropped its arm,
Dancing on the mirror of the river.

In order to gather,
It puts its hands down first.
Then, when it opens its arms it dances
And scatters whatever it gathered.

The Creator has set such a gathering
In the garden and meadow that the bird,
Like a musician, starts singing all melodies.

That master of musicians,
The one called the nightingale,
The drunk of the rose,
Is in love with the rose.
That's why he is no nice, so beautiful.

The dove asks the partridge,
"Where were you all this time?"
He answered, "You know of a side
Where there is no place and no time?
That's where I was."

The falcon asked the peregrine,
"Who hunted that beautiful prey
From Absence and brought you here?"

A group of rose-faced ones,
A group of charmers, who have just matured,
Are like angels behind the curtain of absence.
They were described as,
"They are great, they write."¹¹⁵

"We are only a few who came as a vanguard," they say,
"An army of Beauties will come from hiding."

Joseph-faced beauties came from earth's Canaan.
Sweet-lip charmers came from the sea of honey.

Now, their letter came to the date, the sugar cane,
The pomegranate seed and the seedless fig.

What a beautiful valley that is.
The apple got its color and smell there.
The orange also received its smell and taste there.

The grape came later.
Because it did not have a horse, it came late.
It doesn't matter. It came late but is mature.
You are an instigator and a traitor;
At the same time, the greatest of the great.

O the first, which comes last.
O first fruit that always comes at the end!
O fruit that reached and grabbed God's "strong rope!"¹¹⁶

Your sweetness is wonderful.
Your bitterness lets not talk about.
You resemble the mind.
Good and bad come from that.
Faith and denial also come from that.

You look like sugar at the time of trouble.
In good, happy times you taste like grass.
You resemble manna at the top of the thistle;
Your bitterness is that sweet trouble of yours.

O One who has reached the essence of things,
Who has gone to the bottom of knowledge;
Your hands and arms are long.
Your power controls the whole. Time is in Your order.

The melon was put in such a house
That there is no door, no window, by Your hand.
Because You are Soul,
I am just like I am; the way You see me.

The pumpkin escaped from You,
Tried to climb the rope.¹¹⁷
But how could that broken jug
Be saved from the fountain?

They tied its neck because it did not listen to You.
You would have pulled its ear if it had one.
You would have made its ears ring.

"God tied her beautiful neck, with a rope
Made from palm fiber,"¹¹⁸ because it didn't
Pay attention to the most important news.

It is the donkey's ear
Which doesn't hear God's invitation.
Hear every moment God's open, clear invitation.

Desires of lust and quarrels of food fill your being.
You don't have an ear like the pumpkin.
The artery down deep in your heart is all tied up.

Be a ring on the sultan's ear,
So you will be freed from the halter on your neck.
Humans grow and mature through the ear.

That sultan writes the rest of these words.
That beautiful Chinese painter tells it.
Don't get lost in the paintings.
Look at the Painter.

I called real soul a Chinese painter.
That's the way I praised the only sultan of Tebriz.



89.

Verse 3436

*B*eloved, you are Moses.
I am your staff.
Sometimes people lean on me.
Sometimes I become your dragon.

I am a staff in your hand of kindness and favor,
But when You put me in a different condition,
I become a snake.

O Omnipotent God, there is no time, no place in You.
My time and day fall in Your air.

If You offer me hundreds of days and times,
They will all be sacrificed to Your love.

My eye told of Your unseen, peerless beauty
To the heart, without tongue or lips.
Heart became eye, from end to end.

My heart has been praying, thanking my eyes,
Since my eyes carried the news;
Begging for You, again and again, by saying,
"Long life to the eyes."

The sky has been searching
Your beautiful heart-catching eyes
With hundreds of candles, day and night.
Keep whirling.

If there is no bread left in the basket,
If the purse is empty, it doesn't matter.
Your face, which adds Souls to Soul,
Gives hundreds of hearts to us.

If my house, my family and my work
Have been ruined on your way,
Let it be.
Your light is reflected to these ruins.
You are the One who enlightened my ruin.

O my Soul, if my suffering is pleasing You,
I will give hundreds of hearts to grief to satisfy You.

Crush and thresh me in Your grief's mortar.
I become Your salve.
I will be put on eyes, enlighten them.

What is the soul?
A small, half-leaf from the garden of Your beauty.
What is the heart?
A flower that is opened in Your garden only.

I am not the One who speaks.
Even so, I will be silent.
Word is Yours.
What do people say?
It is only Your voice.



The image of Your face
That resembles the rose garden,
Came and gave sweet stories about Your lips.

I asked him, "How is the soul?
Any news from him?"
Soul knows neither anything about
The universe nor this world.

Who are you?
What is your origin?
What kind of pearl are you?
From what kind of mine are you?

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My guide was Love first.
He is the one who pulled and took me to you.
I am a servant, a slave of Him first, then you.

He reached to my heart, full of blood, and asked,
"Whose heart is that?"
I was embarrassed and said, "Yours."

His eyes have met mine.
"What are they?" he asked.
"O my moon-faced one, they are
Your two, wet clouds that scatter pearls."

He saw my saffron colored face, stained by blood,
Turned like a tulip garden. "O my rose-faced one,"
I said, "All of these are your work and your trace."

Whenever he smelled me,
He smelled his own perfume.
"Look good and see," I said,
"I made an oath to your soul."
That's who I am.

O Shemseddin, O the one Tebriz praises,
Our soul is at the circle of the ones
Who drink your old wine.



91.

Verse 3458

O one whose face becomes red because of shyness,
Should I beware of you or your modesty?

The rose garden saw your face
And turned into hundreds of colors.
Why is your rose-face reddened?

I have sewn hundreds of mantles with love.
I took different measures.
But your bashfulness has ruined them all in one moment.

The clear, clean bashfulness of yours
Is behind the curtain of Absence.
This apparent shyness is only the dregs of that
That was poured on your face-like rose garden.

The heart that became a stove is melted,
Turned into water, after seeing your bashfulness.
My God, what is that?
What did your modesty do to the sober one?

The mountain that is made
Of rock and soil became blood;
Was called ruby after falling
Into your mountain of modesty.



*M*y beautiful, I saw my beauty in yours.
I became a mirror to your image, completely.

It is so bizarre that;
I can't close my eyes from your longing,
Even though my eyes have wet dreams
In the early dawn when they meet yours.

My mind, which resembles a woman,
Has kept giving birth every moment;
Pregnant by your light and your brightness.

In fact, nine months pregnant.
How could he stop, hold out?
How could he know
The pain and suffering I go through?

O love, if my blood should grow fond of someone else,
I'll sacrifice my blood before it reaches its desire.

I became the words of ecstasy, with love.
My wailing reached the sky.
I have been asking a formal question of you.

If a thousand worlds come to existence from Absence,
They all resemble a mole on the cheek of your beauty.

For some time I have been submerged
In your sweetness, like a fly.
But when I see your disposition,
I turn into a moth and jump into the fire.

O sky, prostrate in front
Of the Sultan of Tebriz, Shems.
That's all you can do.



O moon-faced Turk,¹¹⁹
 Why don't you come to my room at morning?
 "Come here," you say.

You are a moon-faced Turk.
 Even if I am not a Turk,
 I know they call "ab"¹²⁰, "su"¹²¹ in Turkish.

Don't do bad things to kill me because
 I made your fountain of life turbid.
 O Turkish-mannered beauty, spare my life,
 Don't shed my blood

O beauty who made layer upon layer
 Of a thousand kingdoms of prosperity,
 The length of our sustenance
 Is determined by your small eyes.

Don't draw your sword to shed my blood, O lion.
 Your love covered my body from hair to hair.

Your eyebrows which resemble beautiful bows,
 Are casting a spell for us.
 O one whose "Sozdesh"¹²² is so scarce,
 Where is Sozdesh? Go ahead, search.

I called him Turk; but just to confuse the people.
 Because there are hundreds
 Of enemies jealous of that love.

You said, "Be quite".
I heard. I became silent.
But my smell and my color are enough
To tell tales about me to my love.



*M*y fever doesn't calm down,
 Because God wants that.
 Don't look at it this way;
 The wish and desire are from the other side.

Don't blame the wetness of my shirt.
 The sea made that.
 If you are a pearl, look and see.
 What kind of sea do you desire?

Soul is a fish.
 Wish and desire is God's fishing line.
 What a beautiful thing is this desire;
 A fisherman that sacrifices souls.

There was God before this world was ever created.
 He was Great, Exalted.
 Why did He desire to bring us here?
 I don't know.

It is enough to hold tight, to desire straight.
 Even wishes are awry and crooked.
 No. Desire, in reality, is neither straight nor crooked.

That stately mine has a bad name;
 Is always remembered with a bad name.
 As the old saying goes, "Sit wrong but talk right."
 Just like that.

The ant doesn't have wings but wanted to fly
 And pierced the wall of love's palace.

Don't call him an ant because of ignorance.
He is the Solomon of time.
He wants a throne, a crown,
Demands to be Sultan.

Desire is such a thing that, we are not it.
But it is not different than us.
O Shems, to whom Tebriz gives praise,
You untie this knot.



Come, O beauty of the charmer,
 Have a happy time.
 We are very happy with you.
 I hope you are the same.

Our situation and condition are nice.
 The same to yours. The wheel of fortune
 And destiny will also be well, I hope.
 We reached this condition because of them.

I make an oath on your soul, your head,
 That the wine which that happy moment
 Offered us with a big jar, is still in our head.

Even your glass is yelling
 Because of the power of your wine.
 The moment which you are in is also yelling,
 Because of the brightness of this joy.

The place where you stay is boasting so much,
 It cannot fit in any place.
 Your time pierces and goes
 Through the mountain, like Ferhad.¹²³



*H*e quit making a noisy uproar.
 There must be some reason for that.
 Either he hid his grudge,
 Or he became good and forgiving.

Either, when you have the chance,
 Quit your uproar or pull out the root of hatred,
 Layer by layer, from your heart.

Don't get hurt from bad friends;
 Be offended from your own faults.
 The enemy is yourself, your reflection.
 Don't think double.

Don't be offended by others boasting and stinginess.
 Be offended by yourself.
 Because the river is frozen only in the winter time.

The one who is heated by love
 Is not hurt by other's coldness.
 The one who is hot in July looks for snow.

The anger of the Prophet resembles
 The anger of the mother.
 It is full of gentleness toward
 The beautiful-faced children.

That anger also resembles parts of the earth,
 But that earth grows fruits of different kinds;
 Colors roses and irises.

There are also other parts which grow thorns.
 Both are the same color,
 But one is this. The other is different.

There is no snake in the grave.
You are the basket of snakes.
All the bad disposition you have,
Every bit of it is your enemy.

Look at sperm.
It doesn't matter if its from a Negro, a Hindu,
The tribe of Kuresh, or from some higher family.
They all have the same color.
They all do the same thing.

Substance or attributes are all made of soil.
But look and see;
Some at a lower, the other a higher level.

Every particle resembles a beggar's cup on His road.
He fills this one with gold,
The other one with dirt and ashes.

He is such an artist, He has such an art,
That He makes good give birth to bad,
From infidel to faithful;
Then He brings good, again, from bad.

It is a pity, you say, feel sorry for me.
You are spending too much, you say.
What I spend is not mine.
I expend His wealth.

You don't know this capital, the profit,
The earning of both worlds cannot be gained by
Working here and there;
Can be obtained only by generosity.

Spend for yourself. Offer to your friend.
Because your ambition and greed
Never come to an end.
Climb to the sky like pumpkin ivy,
Without hands and feet.

Insist on generosity.
Say no to greed.
Open your hand, your palm
Like Shemsheddin's hand,
Which was grown at Tebriz.



Verse 3512

I went to the hodja's¹²⁴ neighborhood.
 I asked for the hodja.
 They told me the hodja is in love.
 Hodja is drunk, wandering around the streets,
 From place to place.

I said, "I have business with him.
 I am his friend, not his enemy."

They said that the hodja had
 Fallen in love with that Gardener.
 Look for him either in the garden
 Or at the riverbed.

Drunks and lovers always go to their Beloved's place.
 Wash your hands of anyone who becomes a lover.

The fish that sees the water never goes to land.
 How could a fish be occupied with color and smell?

When snow, which becomes frozen ice,
 Sees the face of the sun, it will melt away.

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Especially if someone falls in love with the Sultan
 And, attracted by that Sultan, who is matchless;
 His loyalty and his disposition are like sugar.

If that chemistry which is found nowhere touches anyone.
 It turns him into gold with the order of "Return"¹²⁵.

Give up the world. Fall asleep.
 Escape from six dimensions.
 How long will you be running around
 Like an idiot from one side to the other?

No hope. They will take you away.
You may as well go with your own will
So you will have a place next to the sultan
And be honored.

If you are not the head of the donkey,
Right in the middle,
If you give up your existence,
You will discover the secret, you become Jesus.
No secret, even the size of a piece of hair,
Would be hidden from you.

I close this mouth. I open my secret mouth.
I am saved from the restriction of words,
And the love of gossip with a glass of wine.



98.

Verse 3424

Tercî Bend

I was drunk of the Beloved at evening.
I was totally engulfed by Him,
Admiring His beautiful face, His manners, His airs.

Sometimes I was clapping my hands,
Cheering and yelling, "What a nice time!"
At other times I was falling
To the ground on which He walks.

Seven layers of sky were dancing for Him with love.
Everything in there was grown and raised
By His wine which adds souls to Soul.

Mind and intelligence were in ecstasy.
Ears were filled with His calls.

Every lamb has grabbed the ear of a lion,
Pulling because of His justice.
Every particle opened its mouth,
And became a tongue to praise Him.

There is faithfulness and loyalty everywhere.
Any loyal one, after seeing His fidelity,
Was ruined by his shame.

If you look at the circle of the sun,
Your eye is filled with glare, you can't see.
Hundreds of suns cannot look at Him,
Their eyes are filled with glare.

There is so much glare that,
They all wait and hope You will kindly
Put Your trace on their eyes, as salve,
So they can see.

Those counterfeit coins You scattered in front of You,
Are moving like Mercury with the hope
That they may touch Your chemistry and become gold.

The image of this or that is pulling you everywhere.
But, by God, there is nothing but His desire.
He is the One pulling you.

Every one of us resemble a boat,
Rocking the waves and hitting each other.
He is the sea of kindness,
And we are swimming in it.

You are the One who gives soul to me.
You don't kill.
If you do, I already gave the ransom of my soul
To You, so many times.

It is because of Your grace that Your disciple,
Who gives his will power to You,
Keeps working. His wailing, crying
And praying come from Your call.

In order to reach Your water,
He turns to Your oasis.
To have Your real money,
He looks for counterfeit coins.

O real disciple, since the crown of love is on your head,
Walk, swaying like a drunk, to His flag.

I will tell another Terce
Because the Beloved wants it.
The Beloved will correct every wrong word I say.

This year is the year of joy and drink.
It is the time of success and prosperity.
How lucky is the person who has a face like the moon.

Venus is playing the tambourine,
By turning upside down;
Is also playing the harp
Having it lean on his neck.
Sometimes he stands it next to him.

A thousand times He exalts man,
Blowing the reed flute with beautiful melodies.

Such pleasure and joy have been set
That the earth hasn't seen anything like this.
There is no use for the sun,
Besides getting heat and light.

If your sign is Venus, this is your year.
Even Venus heard this news,
And put henna on its hands and feet.

God set a table of eternity,
Gave a new order, a new foundation.
I was afraid of God,
That's why I called the month, the year.

O my sultan, you tilted your turban
To sight by drunkenness so much. I liked it.
I don't know how many times we will pawn our mantle.

Souls are sacrificed to the glass God offered them.
They are free from thought, struggles and events.

He asked, "How did you do during
This long time of separation?"
They answered, "Just like ones who were afflicted
With an incurable disease. It was like that."

We were like fish on hot sands,
Fluttering desperately away from Your sea.
We were separated from You, O Sea of greatness.

We were born in the sea, then fell to the land.
O one who came from His loyalty,
How do you do here in the land of cruelty.

Thanks to God, we returned to the sea.
Now, close your mouth like a Sufi.
Don't talk about the past.

"It is a new war, new trouble to talk
About war in peace time."
That's what you told me once.

At the assembly of dervishes,
There is neither a need to be disconcerted,
Nor to fight and struggle.
The harvest of God is not cheap or expensive.

There is such an auspiciousness there
That it cannot be matched with anything.
There is exaltation
From one moment to the other, there.

This is the third Terzi.
It wouldn't be possible for soul
To tell poems if God didn't want it.

You are walking around
The flower garden from left to right.
I don't know for whom you are
Gathering this bouquet of flowers,
Or to whom you are going to give them.

The putrid air here is not good
For a bouquet of flowers.
It is not a good idea to bring them here.

The flowers will untie themselves
And return to their origin.
Because they were born and raised
In a mild, moderate climate.

It is just talk here, to mention dresses.
But the skirt of Joseph is salve to the eyes of soul.

In order to swim in the sea,
You have to take your dress off first.
Come to your senses. Try to undress.

O one who has a suit of cloth,
Don't wear any more on top of that.
If you are a man of the sea,
To dress in suits is like mourning for you.

"Absence is my praising,"¹²⁶
Said the messenger of God.
Because of that, Mustafa rode a fast horse.
He is the Sultan of swimmers,
Rides His horse to the sea.

He has a ship, but that is for
The ignorant ones so they won't trip their feet.
For the pedestrian, you should be on foot.

You should recognize the ship.
There is enough cheating and deceit.
The works of this world
Are all sorcery and Simya.¹²⁷

The world is amber. It attracts straw.
But grain, with its stem,
Doesn't pay attention to amber.

Whoever boards a ship,
Sits on the ship but keeps going.
Their companions are prophets.

You have traveled a lot on the land.
You have searched
For bread and food and gathered it.
Go on a voyage at sea this time.
After your trip at sea you will be exalted.
But the highest level is beyond exaltation.

If your guide is contentment,
You'll pass the long passage in one step.
That garden is not far, for you.

Yes, close or far is only for body.
For God, there is no day or night.

To go on this road, either with fun or grief
Is within your soul; from you to you.
Where does this road go beyond yourself?



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Look at the rose.
It showed grace and kindness,
Came next to the thorn.
Heart showed coyness,
Because the beloved came.

Look at the moon, how he tucks up his skirt;
Came from the world of light.
He rose and became a guest of the night.

Look at the sun, while he was sultan of the stars,
He suddenly got an apology from someone
Who was washing their clothes.

Don't look down at the point; look at that.
The Beloved turned around
The point like a pair of compasses.

That charmer, who grabbed all the beauties,
Came just to make a solemn promise
With this broken heart.

This love which resembles soul is like Mustafa.
In order to give faith to the infidel,
He came to this land of soil as an exile.

That beauty of spring
Came to us to make our dried tree green,
To scatter favors and blessings on us.

Spring is concealed, but look what it does.
The garden came to life because of that,
Because of that it became alive and green.

If you don't see the soul,
Look at the beautiful ones.
How they came with statures like the cypress
And faces like the flower of the pomegranate.

If you don't see love, look at the lovers.
They all came to the gallows cheerfully, like Mansur.

The fountain that found the Beloved,
Merged with Him and received His favor,
Reached immortality right from the dead itself
And became the fountain of life.

The spring of love has arrived.
Come and see the garden of soul.
Look at the branches and leaves.
They all talk about spring and announce it.

They say, "The last day of judgment is here.
All the dead of the garden came to life."

O heart, if you are aware of yourself,
Go. Be silent.
Don't be like a man who keeps
Talking because of ignorance.



O One who burns hundreds of harvests to ashes,
From now on, don't burn our harvest.

Granite struck iron with love.
A spark came from that
And burned the rock to ashes.

O Sun of beauty,
I made feet out of my head just to reach you.
But head has become exuberant.
Feet have been burned out.

That heart which resembles a shrill pipe,
Has learned a tune from you;
But its melodies have faded,
And the pipe has burned down.

If a spark from your fire had fallen
In the middle of winter,
The winter season would be burned for good.

The voice of your love came from the land
Of Absence in such a way that every soul with an ear
Has burned to ashes there where you were standing.

What grace and kindness there is in this fire.
Sparks of your grace and your beauty
Attract souls to His temple and
Burn them with their own desires.

This rosy-cheeked wine saw him only once,
But the fire of love from that pale face
Burned to red wine with the flame.

If you show your face once more
With your fiery love,
Pale yellow will also be burned.

Nature, which keeps talking about your hair,
Has burned in the curl of the hair,
Which falls on your forehead.

I tried to open the door, the window to the sky
To search for You, to find You.
The door was not opened.
I am burned, burned.

When I see a fire that comes from Your union,
And burns this road of separation,
Then I will reach You.

Here, I burned all my new poems
And beautiful odes to ashes;
Playing like Corotu¹²⁹ in the fire.

Lightning has struck the store of the lover,
Burned the money, the owner, and his belongings.

The body is annihilated by the elixir of soul,
Like the Master changes copper to gold.

Faith and the believers
Are all confused because of Love.
Even the Zunnar's of great fanatic monks
Are burned because of Love.

Lightning came from Shemseddin,
From Tebriz, and burned the cloud
Which was a curtain at the heights.



101.

Verse 3603

When heart sends a sign to the Beloved,
The secret sign comes from that side
To this slave who is handless and footless.

That is the kind of sign that came to
The soul of the believer and disbeliever
At the day of Elest.

Because distress or kindness
Both come from the sea.
A command was given to the stone
As well as to the pearl.

An order was given the stone to,
"Be calm, stay as you are."
For the pearl, a new order comes all the time.

The stone was painted by Him.
The idol maker, Azer,¹³⁰
Sends an order every moment.

The command came to the pearl.
Pearl melted and became water.
What a wonderful, bright, command!

After it had melted, the pearl overflowed
A hundred thousand times;
Boiled more and more when orders were
Received from the heat of fire.

It became sea and covered the world
And the universe; because this command
Came from the greatest of the great, God.

There is good news;
A sign from Tebriz, from Shemseddin.
Like news to the thirsty
That comes from the fountain of Kevser.¹³¹



102.

Verse 3612

*Y*ou haven't seen His face.
Don't blame me.
To give judgment about something
With facts is a guilt, a mistake.

Since He was a candle,
How could the moth resist being burned?
How could my neck not be bent
For the cypress, like that.

If that Moon face is born on judgment day
Another day of judgment will come.

There is another sign of that Moon
That the sky wouldn't dare to name.
He keeps burning with flame all by Himself.

If beauty is His beauty,
Why the fear of God, the hesitation?
Where is a safe, sound place
From His fiery eyes?

My heart is becoming more thirsty
For His love every moment;
Looking for His affection.
My heart is broken down differently every second.

O separation, for God's sake, leave me alone.
How long will you block my way?

You are very stone-hearted.
I am afraid that long-lasting separation
Will break my jar of hope.

O my beauty, even the Archangel Gabriel
Will lose his way when he sees you.
The sky can't take your separation.
It is not that strong.

Love grabbed the heart and is gone.
That is just to help the heart.
Otherwise no greed, no gain for the love of that.

Love is so rich that it doesn't need anyone.
There is such a thing, "Not to care for anything."
Love doesn't even need that.

Don't ask this from me.
Ask from the mature mind.
He has the talent to value jewels.

Even then, what could mind say?
He could only say as much as he understands.
When one breaks his ablution,
He has to make another one.

Mind that gets the hope of union, becomes Mecnun,
And runs toward love with that hope of Union.

Even if he isn't able to have all the glory of love.
He will get some warmth from the sparks of love.

I will be illuminated from the glory of love.
So will "Universal Intellect."
I will get some bitter relief from that great sugar.
So will he.

The taste of that sweetness
Would affect and make the lover drunk.

I don't know how his army comes to loot
Our heart when the eye of our soul
Just opens because of Shemseddin of Tebriz.



You are like a lion in the forest.
 Your face resembles the sun.
 But you kept turning around the pool.
 You fell right into it.

Have them bring your horse.
 You are a good rider.
 Have them bring sherbet.
 You have a hangover.

At night you don't have to sleep until morning.
 Your happiness is all darkened.
 Fate blew your sleep away.

You became desperate,
 Gave up your hands and your feet.
 Why are you concerned with limbs?

If you turn into a ball, without hands and feet
 At the square of God,
 You'll keep rolling with His club.

Turn your face toward my Kible.
 Read Elham,¹³² because I am calling you.
 You are five Ayet.¹³³

O mind, play with your own soul.
 How come you were hiding inside of a glass?
 O soul, bring wine.
 How come you don't have generosity and kindness?

Go and become the source of musk,
 The perfume of the musk deer.
 Because you do good trading,
 You are the trade yourself

Climb to my head. Take my mind, my intelligence.
You give relief like wine.
Get inside of my eye. Become sight for me.
You are the light for soul's eye.

You cannot be comprehended by mind.
You have no beginning and no end.
You don't fit in body.
You are larger and higher than it is.

O tambourine, constantly being hit and slapped,
How innocent and patient you are.
O reed flute who tells secrets,
And explains hidden things,
What a miracle worker you are.

Be silent.
Don't make new verses.
The one who is a guest in Your home
Cannot fit in a house or palace.

Close your lips like a bud.
Smile like the rose, without mouth or lips,
So nobody will know what a blessing you have reached,
What favor you are in.

O auspicious Sultan, O Shemseddin,
To whom Tebriz gives praise,
Tell us the secrets; bring them to us.
You are the envoy, the master of bringing the news.



Sorcery is forbidden.
 God is against sorcery.
 But you are such a sorcerer, beloved,
 That it is not forbidden for you.

You tie and untie the knots.¹³⁴
 That's what sorcery is all about.
 First you give , then you grab and take back.
 That's what greatness is.

We have seen the sea. There is a pearl in it.
 But if I say there is a sea inside of the pearl,
 Who would believe that?

Legitimate sorcery came, opened its arms and wings.
 The history of the well
 Of Babil and Samiri¹³⁵ became fables.

He put a saddlebag full of gold in the middle;
 Buying all defective goods.
 Has anybody ever seen a moon become a buyer?

Today, he was choosing horses at the bazaar.
 I noticed he was choosing horses that had wounds
 On their backs, or thin, sway-backed ones.

I asked, "How is a dead horse
 Able to go on a road like that?" He answered,
 "A fat fleshy horse couldn't go on this road,"

At the lake of Hizir,¹³⁶
 A boat should have holes.
 If you wreck the ship,
 You cannot sail around.
 You'll become anchored and stay there.

The world resembles a place of passage.
Pass that with broken feet.
You can't go through with healthy legs.

Because, returning is the opposite of going.
Don't listen to the order of "Return"¹³⁷
With the ear of a vagabond.



Soul becomes soil for that moon-face.
 God is his purchaser.
 He is such a moon that neither
 The sky, the fairy nor a human have seen him.

He is out, undressed from his Self.
 He has no humanity left in him.
 His bright eyesight is open.
 The ear of his soul, that brings news, is open.

The eyes of man and angel are closed to Him.
 Neither man nor angel are able to see Him.

The universe is under His control,
 But He doesn't boast about it,
 Because He is the One who created the universe,
 Out of good fortune.

It is such a sea that it will make a pearl
 Out of every worthless bead.
 God forbid, that sea doesn't mention any pearl.

It is a particle that deserves to dance
 In such a light because it is separated
 From hundreds of bright beings like
 The sun and the moon, and doesn't care.

It is such a particle that
 Even the sun will kiss its feet
 It won't turn and look at his brightness.

O Moon, shine in front of the sun
 So the eyes of the sun will become blind,
 Won't talk and boast about its brightness,
 Won't open its mouth.

O my Sultan.
O Shems, to whom Tebriz gives praise,
Shine once so both worlds will be filled
With the light of greatness and exaltation.



O heart, there is something different
 About you since this morning.
 You are so exuberant, so overflowing,
 That you don't see this excited man.

There is a yellowish color in your weak eyes
 That attracts hearts.
 What did you see, O heart, that you became
 More pale yellow than that beauty?

O heart, what kind of fire are you that you
 Flame and ascend to hearts with every wind.
 No. No. You are better than fire, better than wind.

Whatever you are, O heart, all I know is;
 That you are tearing the curtains
 Of the sky like the sun.

My life would be sacrificed to you.
 My God, what a pearl you are, O heart,
 Neither the sky nor Jupiter know your value.

I have been running after you,
 Like Mecnun, for thirty years.¹³⁸
 Such an island, that it was neither dry nor wet.

I didn't know you were the whole being.
 My mind was loitering
 With belief and disbelief during that time.

Yet, belief and disbelief are both things
 Made by the light that comes from you.
 So are doubt and atheism. You are heaven.
 You are hell and, the well of Kevser.

O heart, you are the whole being. But beyond
The two worlds, O heart, you are everything.

O side, front and back of the universe,
Look at me. See my face and gather saffron
From my saffron-colored face.

My power and strength have diminished.
Those worlds have stayed at my lips,
With a hundred thousand invisible
Sorrows and grief, like fairies.



*E*very day at dawn,
 A fairy comes and says to me, "I am the soul,
 Where are you going without me?"
 Then pulls me outside.

"If you are in love," he says,
 "You cannot find anyone more beautiful than I.
 If you are a merchant,
 Where is there a better, hotter buyer than me?"

"If you are wise, I am the one
 The soul knows and recognizes.
 If you are ignorant,
 When you become a friend of mine,
 You'll be changed to the point
 That you'll fly all by yourself.

Even if you have dull, awkward perception.
 I will give you the light of Mustafa.
 If you are worthless copper,
 I'll make you the gold of Cafer.¹³⁹

You need our face even if you
 Are the trust and foundation of the universe.
 If you become the bright morning,
 You need a shining sun."

Give up the land and sea.
 Walk toward Kafdag.¹⁴⁰
 Don't sit at the top of wetness or dryness.
 You are far better than them.

O heart, if you are really heart,
Don't separate yourself from the Beloved.
O head, if you are really head,
Don't prostrate and put your head to the ground,
Like a bewildered vagabond.

You are running away from me, like a horse,
But I am the one who is riding you.
Don't run, that is silly.

If you plan hundreds of tricks,
Run to hundreds of towns,
You will still be sacrificed for God.
His dagger will be at your throat.

Be silent.
The sea keeps giving pearls generously,
But it is not right to sell them
To anyone who wants them.



*E*very day, at dawn, you come to me with charm.
 O soul to my soul of soul,
 You take my heart and go.

O my beauty, my quarters turn into
 A rose garden by your smell.
 My face becomes gold,
 Resembles jewelry because of your face.

You give different color to the garden
 Of heart every day.
 My heart is different now;
 Not the same old pine cone.

My heart has been on your journey, wandering
 Like a vagabond every night at a different place,
 And every day at a different town.

This love's rider is pulling the caravan,
 But, I wonder how that lean horse can carry him.

Its claw is beyond lightning, water and wind.
 There is no wetness, no dryness in the place
 On which its claw steps.

Even though he cannot go on the road,
 He is going.
 Power and strength will disappear
 In the heart of the roaring lions when they see him.

What is the lion, when even the sky and earth
 Melt down when they hear about this scary road.

They all turn to fanaticism because of
The majesty of fate. They are unable
To choose anyone as a guide because of the fear
Of the one who stages hold-ups on their way.

The essence of bravery is the excess of craziness.
Nobody in their right mind would dare to be brave.

How can you be in the rank of those who are in ecstasy,
As long as you are with yourself?
How can you pass through the barriers of separation,
As long as you stay at the door?

O heart, put His image in front of you.
Worship. Don't be satisfied
Living like a vagabond, unaware of Him.

He gave you one form.
Why are you satisfied with only that one?
Do you think He cannot do more than one?

Be silent.
Don't beat the drum.
The time comes to attack.
If you deserve this army,
Come and take your place in the line of war.



109.

Verse 3698

O love, you under the cover,
Tear this curtain.
You are a houri for beauty, a mother for pity.

Enter the circle of souls and watch how
They all become slaves, put earrings in their ears.¹⁴¹

Look in the mirror, see your eyes,
Because of those eyes, from their magic,
Many souls have been tied in knots,
And have fallen in love with you.

Look at one of each knot.
See the art of God, His majesty.
He tied Moses, Pharaoh and Samiri¹⁴²
With only one knot.

Remove the candle from under your skirt
So that the picture which God made
Will laugh at the soul of the idol maker, Azer.

Since your hair, which has been divided in the middle,
Reached the Kafir¹⁴³ with hands and feet.
Fate will die at its feet every moment.

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If my heart can't find You in his soul,
And in his essence, then I am a thousand
Times away from that heart and that soul.

My dry lips and wet eyes have gone to such an ocean,
That there is no wetness or dryness there.

Yesterday, your image had done favors. I told him,
"O loyal friend, O one who kept his word,
You are more loyal than I am."

But, I know all these loyalties come to you from
Shemseddin. Carry this greeting to our soul.
Carry it to Tebriz.



*W*elcome, O beautiful one, who keeps
Increasing my bewilderment with your beauty.
Welcome to this bright light.

O my Beauty,
You have asked me what the soul looks like.
Soul has shone
From the moon of the Beautiful One, look and see.

There is eternal life on the lighting
Of the Beauty's cheek.
Don't leave that for this temporary fake life.

I see a lover in every corner
Who is drunk with that pure wine
Because of the drunkenness of your eyes.

I have been contemplating Him,
Thinking He is like that, like this.
Once the shape of greatness appeared,
All my thoughts and assumptions disappeared.

Ask for the essence of His religion, not for shells.
For God's sake, just once, listen to this genuine word.

Once your living is illuminated and purified
With his full Moon, congratulations.
You reached to Shems and Jupiter, and are blessed.



*T*he assembly of ruby-colored wine
 And the tavern of disbelief
 Are the property of Kalender,¹⁴⁵
 But Kalender is away from them.

You say I am Kalender,
 But my heart doesn't accept that.
 Because Kalender was not born,
 It has no beginning.

How long will Mercury and Saturn take precautions?
 How long will Mars keep wounding with his dagger?

How long will the messenger, Moon,
 Keep riding his horse?
 How long will Venus offer its glass of red wine?

How long will the Sun
 Do service in the kitchen with its own heat?
 How long will Jupiter
 Make life difficult for people at the bazaar?

How long will the wheel of sky
 Pour water to the earth?
 How long will the sign of Aries digest the water?

How long will night
 Be the hiding-place for bad people?
 How long will day
 Tear the curtains and bring out concealed things?

How long will cold winter pull roots from the garden?
 How long will spring sow green satin dresses?

I am tired of that separation;
Bored with this exile.
O bird of heart, when will your time come to fly?

Won't you take your broken bloody wing
To the door of your owner,
To the temple of the One whom you serve?

Why have you gotten stuck on this earth?
You are not iron or mountain?
What business do you have under the dome of this sky?
You are neither cloud nor star.

If you refresh your lungs with that brand new beauty,
You will look neither for the fountain of life of Hizir
Nor the well of Kevser.

You cannot mix, like oil and water.
But you got involved, once, with that world.
You are not telling what is inside of your heart,
Or what you deserve.



*F*or some time I looked for you above and below.
 Sometimes I read the book of heart,
 Sometimes the writing of disbelief.

Sometimes I have been spread out
 At the service of earth;
 Have become soil on the road.
 Sometimes I flew to the sky with a star.

I have lost myself a thousand times.
 My heart, my beloved, too.
 I keep looking for the secret of Heart sometimes,
 At other times, the secret of Beauty.

Sometimes I climb Mount Sinai,
 Ask for a manifestation, like Moses.
 Sometimes I run away from people of earth, like Samiri.

I arrived at such a valley,
 Where neither miracles, wonders nor sorcery
 Has gotten his smell.

The valley became a guide for me
 With the smell of the Beloved.
 That smell was neither in musk,
 Nor in hair that smelled of ambergris.

O friend, one cannot run without feet there.
 Even if you fly your wings will be burned.

Because the nature of our senses comes
 From cold, heat, dryness and wetness,
 These four birds are the birds of the garden of elements.

You can only fly there
With wings grown from the smell of the Beloved.
Try to fly and reach there,
Otherwise you will fall in this place with six doors.

O one who has reached maturity,
Choose another mature one.
Stay next to him. Try to go to
The land of timelessness and spacelessness.
To avoid that is making a big mistake.

The power of the birds which fly on land
Is from dryness.
If they fly over the ocean they will perish.

Land and sea are from the same source,
Do the same thing.
Even so, they appear to the senses differently.

In the emptiness of the land of Absence,
Hundreds of lands, hundreds of seas and skies
Are all lost, fragmented forms.
They look like pieces on the ground.

The one who is freed from that sea,
And the land a thousand times,
And falls in love, could reach there.

Whatever exists, besides the pure essence of God,
Won't be saved from the sword of absence.

How could the one who has been dried
By the love of someone like Azer¹⁴⁶
Be able to get in the fire of Abraham?

O soul of Abraham's love,
Get in the fire with joy and pleasure;
Melt like gold and be purified from the dirt.

If you are annihilated in the fire of beauty,
You will manifest in the fire of love
Which gives peace and happiness to souls.

This love, which resembles fire, destroys everything.
What kind of person are you that you command fire?

Instead of; fire makes you darkened and black,
It is just the opposite.
You are subtle, sweet and reddened.

I know you have the light of the Sultan's eyesight.
You are the light and eye of the land of Absence.

If you do a favor and look at the dry thorn,
It will bloom into hundreds
Of beautifully-smelling flowers.

Even if you glimpse Absence one moment,
A Beauty who raises heart and eye
Will emerge from Absence.

O sword, how long will you open wounds?
Watch the kindness and favor of that Sultan.

No. No.
Even separation becomes intense
Because of His kindness and favor;
Because kindness and cruelty both
Grow from the same sapling.

If my heart wasn't used to your kindness,
Would it know the separation
Of this ever-changing fortune?

The dagger becomes a dagger after
Being fed into the fire,
And in battle, gives what it has gotten,
And shows itself as a dagger.

All these things I have said
Are the nicknames of Shemseddin.
He has been engulfed by grief at Tebriz
With his jealousy and is hiding himself.

That is the essence
And the meaning of all my talks.
But I don't want to sell these words
To just anyone who wants them.



*M*y Sultan, pull the caravan, pull like a sultan.
 You hold our skirt, pulling us to the rose garden.

All the strings of camels are drunk,
 Clapping their hands.
 They get the smell. You are pulling them.

Every camel is chewing it chain,
 Liking it like sugar and honey,
 Because You are the One
 Pulling them to the Beloved.

Those drunken eyes are saying to
 Your cupbearing eyes, "Pull us nicely to Union."

We were Your crop.
 You harvested us with the sickle of love.
 Separated us from straw
 And are now pulling us to the granary.

We were walking unsteadily,
 Stumbling and limping on the way to truth.
 Since you are pulling us nicely,
 We are ambling now.

For many years we have been blooming roses,
 Flowers at the green.
 Suddenly, to save us from evil eyes and bad curses,
 He started pulling us to the thorn.

Why should we worry?
 Wherever you pull us, You take
 Us to many, many joys and pleasures.

Kings pull their people for revenge; or to kill.
You pull us to give favors and kindness.

You make insolent, guilty ones with these favors.
You are pulling nicely and pleasantly
Even if the thieves deserved the gallows.

There are those who are tired and bored with me,
Saying, "Be silent."
But, You persistently pull me into talk.

There are people who are in trouble because of
The turns of the wheel of fortune. In spite of them,
You keep turning that wheel of fortune.

O God's Glory!
O sultan to whom Tebriz gives praise!
O Shems, you are the light of the light
That pulls the particles to the whole.



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O Beautiful sound of the ney¹⁴⁷
 You are caressing my heart.
 You are nice and beautiful,
 Giving warm breath, sweeping cold airs.

You have no knot, nothing inside.
 You are totally empty.
 You take grief and trouble away
 From souls who have fallen into it.

You are making a picture to fit everyone's beloved.
 You don't know how to read or write,
 But inside, you are like a painter.

O shape and form of absolute truth,
 From which tune are you?
 Show yourself from the melodies of the reed.
 You are so sweet.

It looks like your eye became nine.
 Soul gave his ten ears to you.
 Blow your melodies to six sides.
 You are known by six sides.

O reed whose head is cut,
 Tell the secret without tongue and lips.
 Make the people taste
 The breath you taste from the throat.

Ney caught fire!
 The universe is covered with smoke.
 Because your sound is the sound of love
 You make love's voice to be heard.
 You are in love.

Tell the secret of Leyla and Mecnun with your love.
What a taste you are for the heart;
What peace for the soul.

In short, there is a smell from Tebriz on your breath.
You keep catching so many hearts
With your charm and beauty.



What a unique beauty
 Is that Beauty among the people.
 I cannot call Him a soul.
 That unique Beauty is the whole universe.

I vow by His Beauty, His maturity,
 That this unique Beauty is hidden,
 Even from His own eyes.

His love runs the water from the top of the ground.
 That unique Beauty is a cypress,
 Swaying, as He walks in the garden of love.

All beauties are flowers.
 He is the fruit.
 They are all chips of gold and silver.
 That unique Beauty is the mine.

Heart has become corrugated
 By His manners and attributes, but silently
 Because He is beyond explanation.
 That unique Beauty cannot be explained.

There was no time and no place when He was born.
 That unique Beauty is beyond time and place.

There is a lock on my mouth
 Because of the jealousy of lovers.
 I locked my mouth in order not to say,
 "That unique Beauty is such and such."

If I see Him in a glimpse,
 I say, "My god, what kind of Beauty
 Is that unique Beauty?"

If you have no problem seeing,
Open your eyes and see that unique Beauty
Is bright like the middle of the sun.

Don't believe it if a hundred thousand people
Block His way, hide and say, "There is no one."
Don't even doubt that unique Beauty exists.
He is that unique Beauty.

Prostrate in His presence, then be a sultan,
Because He is the one who makes sultans.
That unique Beauty is the Sultan of sultans.

His soil runs water on the head of love.
That unique Beauty is a cypress
Who walks, swaying, in the garden of love.

I said to Shems, whom Tebriz praises,
"Look at Him. Don't be bewildered."
He answered, "That unique Beauty is always like that."



I wouldn't be a man if I became pale and faded
 By the touch of every trouble and grief.
 I would become a smart idiot.

If I wasn't the sun of love,
 I would cause the ebb and flow of the tide
 Of sorrow and grief, like Saturn.

If you were not the guide
 To lead me to the smell of love,
 Which resembles the land of Egypt,
 I would be lost in the desert
 Of greed and ambition and meet ogres.

If there wasn't the Sun,
 Which shines and brightens the souls
 That stay in the house all the time, I would
 Be concerned about opening and closing the door;
 Worried with the people's coming and going.

If the rose garden of soul did not caress
 And give favor to that proven person,
 How could I be the messenger of the garden
 Of loyalty, like the morning breeze?

If love wasn't fond of music,
 Of laugh, dance and playing the tambourine,
 How could I sing and recite gazels,
 Like the ney¹⁴⁸ and harp?

If my cupbearer didn't give medicine to make me strong,
 I would be lean like lips of a glass oil lamp, a glass cup.

If there wasn't the shadow of a garden, a meadow
And the branches of the trees that have grown there,
I wouldn't have roots and foundation
Like the grass and fortune of the trees.

If the glory of God's gift¹⁴⁹
Was not reflected on my soil
I would remain cruel and ignorant
Like the nature of the soil,

If there wasn't a road from the grave to heaven,
I wouldn't keep lying in the grave of the body so long.

If there wasn't a way from left to right,
I wouldn't sway from right to left like grass.

If there was no Grace, no kindness, no rose garden,
How would I grow?
If the favor of God didn't overflow,
I would get involved with useless nonsense,
Conversations and actions.

Be silent.
Hear the beginning of stories from the Sun.
If there wasn't that East,
I wouldn't rise, would be extinguished.



117.

Verse 3805

You made an oath not to torment.
You broke your promise and started cruelty again.

Today we grab your skirt, pulling.
How long do you find an excuse?
How long will you be tormenting?

There is a smile on your beautiful lips.
This is like good news.
It seems you will be faithful from now on.

What's the use of making Namaz without you.
It is not right to do anyway.
Once you grant our wishes,
That will be the time of namaz.

If your sea is not there,
We flutter like a fish on the sand.
That's what a fish
Does when it is separated from the sea.

When the tyrant oppresses, the slave is cruel to him.
The slave frightens the tyrant by saying,
"What you do to us, God will do to you."

But if you are cruel, who will frighten you?
Whatever you do to us,
We can't do anything but be content.

Be silent. Don't keep selling the peerless pearls.
How can you value things that cannot be measured?



Cupbearer, offer a ten batman¹⁵⁰ jar.
 Leave thought and worries.
 There is a job that needs to be done.

O Soul of my soul, days are like turns.
 Don't say some are for you, some for us.
 My hodja, don't keep scratching your neck,
 It is necessary to pay the debt.

O fountain of life, see the thirsty.
 Feel sorry for the friend that the enemy would blind.

Those intelligent minds are the ones
 That tie our hands and feet.
 But You don't care for mind, for intelligence.
 You don't even want to demolish the fort of Hayber.¹⁵¹

At the stage of mind,
 There is fear, trembling and quakes.
 Livelihood, joy and security are all at the land of mind.

Souls are free from all bondage
 At the assembly of the mind.
 They keep dancing under
 The light of their sun, like particles.

O Sun of soul, demolish and burn the doors
 And walls of the body.
 We are not content to have the sun
 Come in only one window.

Leave the story. We are thirsty.
 You are a generous cupbearer
 Who gives without asking.

The humdrum life of lovers comes from
The smell of the rose garden.
But nobody knows what kind of garden;
What kind of roses?

Be silent. Look around for just one moment.
O stone-hearted one,
How long will you keep mumbling?

How long will you talk nonsense,
Be silent. Enough.
There is no command for words.
Learn to be mute.

Without relief from God's Shems of Tebriz,
The ability to talk doesn't do any good
To anyone with a voice and the alphabet.



119.

Verse 3825

How long will you be hurting me with separation,
Not hearing my cry,
Making me yell and scream,
Breaking and tearing me?

Your hand of separation broke my hand.
I became idle.
I wish I knew how long you will be hurting me.

O one who is playing with the bottle of separation,
Be careful, we arrive at a place full of stone.
That glass heart of mine becomes more fragile,
Be cautious, don't break it.

You have to hurry from this rocky place
Of separation to the green pastures of union.
If you don't leave here,
You will, inevitably, break me.

My blood is frozen in my heart,
Turned into a grain of pomegranate.
If you break the grain, it's blood runs like that.

If you break my longing heart,
At least show me the face of my deceitful beauty.
Let me meet him, then break my heart.

O Shemseddin, to whom the universe
Became a servant and a slave,
You are the sultan of sultans in the land of discovery.
You destroy hundreds of hearts.
Hundreds of hearts are caught by one sight of you.

That's why Tebriz of praise
Has become the land for you.
You demolish hundreds of thrones
And crowns for the tip of a turban.



O sky, you are whirling around
 At the top of our head,
 But you also wear my mantle
 With the love of the Sun.
 You are a lover, just like me.

My God, you are a lover.
 How do I know that? I'll tell you.
 Your inside is clean and green,
 So is your outside.

The sea hasn't made you wet.
 You don't care for the dust.
 Fire doesn't burn you.
 You are safe from the wind.

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O wheel of the mill,
 What kind of water causes you to turn?
 Tell be just once.
 By what kind of iron is your wheel made?

You turn the lap of earth
 Into the garden of Eden with just one turn.
 One more turn and you pull
 Many trees out by their roots.

The sun is a candle, you are a moth.
 Like the moth, you keep turning around the candle.

You have worn Ehram¹⁵²,
 Covered yourself with a blue garment.
 Turned around Kaaba, like a pilgrim.

God said, "The one who is on pilgrimage is safe."
O sky, who knows the truth,
You are also safe from disaster.

All these are pretexts;
Love is the house of God.
You are the guest of that house.

I don't talk anymore. God is my witness,
There are so many subtle words in this heart,
But it is impossible to say them.



I wish you could know yourself just once,
Be aware of your beautiful face.

You have laid down in dust and mud,
Like a saddle horse.
Wouldn't it be nice if you pulled yourself
To the assembly of pleasure
And drank at the house of beauties?

You are turning around yourself,
Because you see yourself, you show yourself.
Yet, there is a treasure in you,
But your ego is hiding it.

If you are only a body you wouldn't know soul.
But if you become soul
You enter the land of Soul, you'll live there.

Like others, you get involved with good and bad.
If you are this and that, you are with this and that.

If you are one kind of meal, you'll have one taste.
If you are in one kettle, you'll boil the same way.

If you are mixed with sediment,
You'll be pure from this boiling.
You'll ascend to the sky like the pure ones.

You call every image your soul, your world.
If images disappear, if you give them up,
You become Soul and the universe.

Enough. Be silent.
Your tongue has tied your mind.
If that wasn't the case,
You would become tongue like universal intellect.

Enough. Be silent.
Knowledge is the curtain to knowledge.
Would you be the translator,
If you knew you were the Sultan?



122.

Verse 3753

Tercî Bend

*T*hey open a window at the house full of smoke.
The smoke went out of the window, sunshine came.

What is this house? Heart.
What is this smoke? Thoughts and worries.
The neck of your joys and pleasures are broken
Because of thoughts and worries.

Wake up so you will be free from thoughts and dreams.
My God, send a drummer to our sleeper.

The one who is asleep suffers through for nothing.
In his sleep he sees either a wolf
Or a bandit who stages a hold-up on his road.

Man sees hundreds of thousands of swords
And spears in his dream.
But when he wakes up, never mind all of those.
He doesn't even see a needle.

The dead ones say, "Why did we spend
Our whole life with so many
Unnecessary sorrows and fears.

We fired so many guns and wore so much armor,
Just for an image.

We feasted for nothing, we mourned for nothing.
Today, no music and dancing have gone from this one,
No lament and no cry from others.

They hit their face, they tear their face,
But once sleep is over,
They see not even a scratch or mark on their face.

Where is the one who merges with us
Like milk and honey?
Where is the other who never mixes,
Like water and oil?"

"Now, the truth has appeared,
Sleep and imagination are over.
Now, there is peace, comfort, security and rest.
No more 'myself', no more 'ourselves' is left.

There is neither old, young, captured nor bandit left.
There is no soft or hard; no wax or iron left anymore.

This is having such color and assuming such
Attributes and union.
A soul that has flown free from the body.

This one is the one everybody knew,
Or will know.
Tell the Terci
So that it will come to heart and mind.

O one who has stepped on this road sincerely,
If you become my company
You will have both worlds.

O one who gets joy from the tree of fortune,
Is molded and shaped by that tree;
Everything will be ready for you.
You won't miss anything.

Every apple and pear, every fruit you pick up
Shows you the taste,
And brightness inside of them.

From that brightness,
New brightness is born every moment.
From every beautiful one,
A new beauty appears every second.

On those fruits words of, "Neither out of reach
Nor yet forbidden¹⁵³" is written.
Lines of, "They are safe from autumn."
Are drawn on the leaves.

O eye, blink, take a glimpse.
You are at that well-known, beautiful place.
O heart, don't leave here.
You are staying at the best place.

There are many rich ones,
Dressed and adorned like green trees.
But that peerless, unmatched tree is satisfied
Just to be green.
It doesn't care about being adorned.

There are very heavy stones which still
Roll from the mountain and drop to the ground.
But a rock, when it becomes a mountain,
Doesn't move at all,
Because it gave up Self, is not a rock anymore.

Because in every existence,
Those who are afraid of Absence,
Fall from the very top to the very bottom.

O one who was born from Absence,
You are younger every moment.
O one who is pawned to the love of the Beloved,
You belong more and more to love.

It is much better to be covered by skin made of soul,
Than to wear satin dresses or garments of wool.

You look like a dry branch
Of the date tree to the Jew's eyes.
But you give hundreds of fresh dates
To relieve the hunger of Mary.

You are making the outside sparkling
And shiny like glass.
Your insides full of sight.
How could this be bad for Earth,
As long as you are in control?

O Soul, O Universe, O altogether something else!
O One who turns the moon and sun differently!

O One who is settled in the heart,
What nice pleasure you give.
Or, You are in the soul, adding Soul to soul.

It is contradictory to merge with us,
And, at the same time be exempt from us.
I wonder if You are our soul,
Or, are You us?

Either be this or that.
You are very sweet; a sea of taste and pleasure.
You are sweetness from end to end,
Joy, kindness and a gift.

I saw what was like fire from the distance,
But when I came close and looked, it was brilliance.
You appeared like a dragon,
But you are a staff for us.

You are absolute mercy and security.
But I also believe You are fear and hope
For the ones who are vain, unattained.

You are trouble to the brothers of Joseph,
But joy and pleasure to Jacob.

We became Mecnun in order to get favors from Leyla.
O Love, You are the enemy of all minds.

O mind, you were copper then became gold with love.
You are not secret chemistry.
You are the flag of chemistry.
In order to bring people, you turned into a big flag
So they will come and become gold.

O Love, to tell the secret,
You are the Archangel Gabriel.
It looks like you are
The divine inspiration to all prophets.

The one who has mind also has doubt.
Yet, you are separated from doubt,
From mind and from thought.

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The arrow of your sight never makes a mistake.
You even forgive and cover
The faults of the ones who make mistakes.

O earth, which has fallen asleep,
Your eyes are closed,
You don't see the wind.
But if there wasn't wind,
How would you get up to the sky, raise the dust?

You are exalted but stay away from greatness.
Be ashamed of greatness and being great,
Because you are with the Greatest of the Great.

From the moon to fish,
Everything is looking for Your joy and pleasure.
Many are longing to reach You, to meet You.



123.

Verse 3895

*L*ook for the lost heart in your soul.
Ask for the peace and decision of your soul
From your Beloved.

There is the pleasure
Of the plant of Absence in sugarcane,
But look for that pleasure
In your lips and on your teeth.

Don't stare at the blind with your two eyes.
Run to the One who sees.
Look and ask for things inside of you, from Him.

It was said that the messenger of God
Compared "the men to mines."¹⁵⁴
You also search for your value in your mine.

Come down from the throne of body.
Sit at the throne of Soul.
Give up the sky. Search for your own Saturn.

Lightning has struck your heart.
Your heart became restless.
Look for lightning in the rain of your tears.

Your body is only the saddle-bag of Abu-Hurayra.¹⁵⁵
Whatever is your wish and your desire,
Search in that bag.

O One whose trace never appears,
Where and with whom shall I look for a trace of you?
You look for me.
With your kindness and your favor, You look for me.



124.

Verse 3903

You are the One looking for us at early dawn.
We fall asleep. You are our awakening Kingdom.

You are our shop. You are our earnings.
You are our profit.
For that reason, You prevent us from daily business,
Occupation, earning and profit.

Why should we go to the store?
You are a mine. You are our store.
How could we arrive at a market or shop?
You are our bazaar.

You are the One who gave soul.
That's why our hearts are full of joy and pleasure.
You are our turban,
That's why we are drunk, devastated.

We don't need a jar full of silver
Like the money hungry.
We'll break the jar.
You are the One who gives wine to us.

We became fond of sugar, like the parrot.
Our food becomes sugar,
Because You are the sugar's mine.
We are singing like a nightingale,
Because you are our rose garden.

You have hundreds of springs.
Because of that, we turn into a rose garden.
You are our Beloved.
That's why our inside is so bright.

We are handless and footless on your sea, like ships.
Our sounds, our dances are all for You.
So is our swaying and going. They are all for You.

The one who looks for measures and help
Has nothing from You.
You are the help and the means for
The one who gives up all help and measures.

Heart gave up all of what he wanted, and fell for it.
Then You told the heart that
I am the one with whom you are in love.

Time by time, we think we are doing what we do.
But this is also from You, because You
Are also the essence and cause of our doubt.

Anything we pull, You are the One pulling.
There is nothing we buy;
You are the One who is buying for us.

I repent doing so much talking.
You be my witness, O my Sultan.
You are the One who knows our secrets
Without words or yells.

O praise of Tebriz, God's Shems,
You are also the Sun of our whirling sky.



*W*hen You became the Sun,
The light to that Universe,
You rose to a dead planet.
You became life.

You became sight to the eyes of the blind
And speech to the mute.

You made a deal with the ugly devil,
Changed him into a beautiful Joseph.
You got into the mouth of the wolf
And made him a shepherd.

Every day you appear at a new hut.
When people turn their face there,
You hide immediately.

Sometimes You kindly touch our brain,
Like the smell of roses;
Fill our nose with beautiful smells.
Sometimes You become a friend of our eyes,
Turn into a rose garden.

My Sultan, You are the Vizir who walks twisted,
At the same time, the Soul who walks straight.
But You are always the winner.
Nobody knows how You do that.

O Love, of whom a trace never appears,
Turn the pages quickly,
Then put Your mind on one page.
There, we can see Your trace, Your face.

O heart, at the time of grief and trouble,
Annihilate at the justice of the Beloved.
When you cheer, you'll be annihilated
By His grace and favor.

The water disappears in the rose, becomes rose.
If you do the same, you will have
A different disposition, cleaner attributions.

At that time,
You carry that war-cry everywhere, like air.
At that time,
You will be witness to the fire of distress, like smoke.

O Love, you will become all
But still be exempt from them.
Even to be a sword,
You won't have form or shape, like anger.

Now You stop, become silent.
I'll stop, too.
Whenever You become word and explanation,
Then I'll start talking.



O Ney,¹⁵⁶ how nice that you know all the secrets.
 The only one who could do this,
 Is the One who knows everything.

O Ney, you are in love with the rose.
 Like a nightingale you are wailing and moaning.
 Don't scratch your neck.
 You have news from the rose, without the thorn.

I said to the rose,
 "You are the confidant of the Beloved,
 Don't hide your secret." He answered,
 "You would be devastated if you knew them all."

I said, "As a matter of fact, my salvation is my ruin.
 Put it to the fire, burn it and no feeling,
 No perception and no understanding will be left."

He asked, "How do I stage
 A hold-up to this caravan?
 The Master of the caravan
 Is the person who knows everything."

I said, "Since the Beloved is not looking for the
 One who is lost and doesn't caress him; then even
 That understanding is tired of intelligence."

You are not even aware yourself.
 That's why you turn into an eye, see everything.
 For us, knowing and understanding
 Become a veil for the eyes, a curtain for union.

You become the confidant of lips
After they cut off your head.
What a shame to have a head on this road.
What a pity to have knowledge and understanding.

You have slipped out of yourself,
Then are filled with secrets.
Now you know which one worships himself
And which one denies himself.

Since you tasted the ruby lips of the beloved,
What is this wailing and crying?
Let this moaning and crying
For knowledge and understanding yield.

No. No. Do not wail to yourself,
O one who has favor and kindness.
Cry for the one who sees and thinks
There is a stranger around.

Fate has a reason to cry because of those
Reverse horse shoes¹⁵⁷ and misunderstandings,
Because it is under the load, like an oxen.



127.

Verse 3941

O one who is tired and bored with us,
To the contrary, we want you more and more.
We have become dependent upon you.
O one who disgraces us from our way
Is this what we should expect from you?

You are the essence, the marrow of the earth.
The rest are all shells and peelings.
How can anybody be nourished from them?

The town, which has been torn down and ruined,
Became upside down and is deprived
Of the shadow of the Sultan of sultans.

When the sun has set, what is left is darkness.
When mind and intelligence leave,
Silliness and foolishness remain.

O mind, all these troubles start after your departure.
Why do you blame this stupid head for it?

Wherever you turn your face away
Will be the end of the road and struggling.
Wherever you turn your face,
Pleasure, drunkenness and admiration appear.

Eighteen thousand universes
Can only be divided in two.
Half of them lifeless and dead, the other half
Alive with mind and understanding.

There is a sea of knowledge and understanding.
All minds and intelligence come from that sea.
At the end, when they mature,
That's where they will go.

O soul, who knows how to swim,
You are going to that sea.
The Soul who flew out like an arrow,
Pierces the sky.

This world is bright and shiny
Because of the tent of Your body.
O Soul who lives in that tent, how are you?

It is impossible for soul to wake up
From the eternal drunkenness of the wine
Which it drinks from Your hand.
It is impossible to mine the soil,
Which becomes pure gold in Your hand.

People don't understand if I praise You
Without giving an example.
Yet, those examples increase the imagination
Of the people who compare You to something else.

But the sea of purity won't be turbid,
If even one lover, when praising You,
Compares You to some form while in ecstasy.

The new moon doesn't lose its value
If a poet compares it to a horseshoe
By saying incongruous things.

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How could the sea be a barrier to Moses?
How could anyone stay blind
If he believes in Jesus?

He is still everybody's master,
Even though He doesn't have one slave or servant.
He is still a tall cypress,
Even if you don't see Him straight.

You are Moses, but you still act like a shepherd.
You are Joseph but still at the bottom of the well.

You don't get anything from that award.
You don't receive any benefit
Because you are not totally involved.
You only play touch-and-go casually.

Be silent. Without the bread of God
And the wine of absence, that word and that
Alphabet are like two or three empty cups.



O soul, O seeing pair of eyes, how are you?
 O Beautiful, of whom the moon and sky are jealous,
 How are you?

We, and hundreds like us,
 Have all become broken, ruined and drunk without you.
 We are in bad shape without you.
 O soul, how are you without us?

Anyplace, without you, looks like a hole of scorpions.
 How are you, at the place where
 There is nobody but you?

O my soul, how do you choose other souls?
 O one who is purer than the sea, O pearl,
 Who is better than the ocean, how are you?

O bird of the throne, you have fallen
 Down to the ground and the water.
 You have been mixed with blood,
 Lust, mucous and bile.
 In what kind of shape are you?

You have come from the rose garden
 To the stoke-hole of the bath.
 How do you get along with the people over there?

You resemble Kafdag¹⁵⁹ for endurance,
 Steadiness and patience. O one who chooses
 To be alone like the Phoenix, how are you?

The whole universe stands because of you.
 How do you do?
 Bodies are all alive because of you.
 You are totally alone.
 How are you with the bodies.

Even the sun becomes ashamed when it sees you.
In which East are you, O beautiful?
Pure poison becomes halva with you.
How are you O honey, O sugar?

We become upside down because of you,
Even if we don't have up and down.
O one who instigates fights and trouble in the earth,
How are you doing?

If you are lost from the heart,
What are you doing in that heart?
If you are in the heart,
How are you doing with love?

O Sultan Shems, to whom Tebriz gives praise.
How are you at the stage of,
"Only two arrows distance remains,
Even closer than that."¹⁶⁰



129.

Verse 3972

O cupbearer who picks the deep red-colored glass,
O player who starts singing that brand-new gazel!

O charmer, once you uncovered your full moon-face,
The cupbearer disappeared. So did the player.

O master of the gathering, they call you love.
What tumult is it that you have started recently?

O biggest jar, you are the remedy for all grief.
You are not sick, have no headache.
Why do you frown?

There is a soul that is very graceful.
There is a world that is very pleasant.
But you lift these two curtains from the middle.

You have snatched the heart of the lover
From the soul and the world.
Really, you have grabbed a delicate, lean prey.

O one who became prey for such a trap,
Now you have thousands of thrones and crowns
Of Husrev, Sencer,¹⁶¹ and their belongings.

You are in the sea which has no beginning,
No end, no bottom.
Water is at the level of your heel.
You are fire. You took from Semender.¹⁶²
You don't burn.

O rose, since you have built a house inside of sugar,
You have torn dresses and fallen in love.

O wind, you took the smell from the hair
That is divided in half in the middle,
And turned it into ambergris,
But avoided being exalted.

O beauty, whose eyes are drunk,
Since you are the cupbearer, offer.
Since you picked up the glass, talk.

You bought gold from the goldsmith to scatter
To Shemseddin, whom Tebriz praises.
Scatter, O gold-face.



O cupbearer, who has picked up
 The deep red-colored glass,
 O player who starts singing that brand-new gazel!

O Venus, who scatters fire to the sky,
 Tell Mars what kind of dagger you have obtained.

O One whose separation lasts longer
 Than the last day of judgment,
 What is that last day of judgment,
 That You created again?

O sky, you also formed a circle while turning,
 After you saw the circle of the ones
 Who converse with Him.

Even the elephants with a lion heart
 Become submissive to you.
 How come you hold these few flies in your hand?

Come to your senses, O poor ones.
 Don't complain of poverty,
 Because you conquered hundreds of countries,
 Like the country of Sencer.

O one who sees his face on the beautiful face
 Of the Beloved. You have obtained a big, bright mirror.

O heart, why do you keep trembling like a leaf?
 You have obtained the skirt of such a victorious Kubad.¹⁶³

O eye, why do you cry every moment?
 You have reached the salve of the Prophet Jesus.

Without the face of the Beloved
You have nothing but despicable things,
Even if eighteen thousand universes belong to you,

You have the power to surpass the gray horse of the sky.
Why have you become so lazy,
And picked up the character of a donkey?

Be silent. Talk with other languages.
Find a different way to say things.
Why are you repeating the same words
In this old valley?



A humming goes on in the sky.
 They say, "O Moon, why did you sit?"
 They say, "Illuminate the imperial tent.
 Why did you sit down?"

O beautiful, who is aware and knows everything,
 Those who are frozen may not know your fire.
 But how can you be kept sitting down?

There are fire eaters on the road.
 They keep waiting for you where the road begins.
 Why do you keep sitting with stupid ones?

Heart is like a lion in the forest,
 But you are the head of the lion.
 Heart is like God's army.
 You are the commander of that army.
 How come you sat down?

O soul, listen attentively, listen from inside.
 There is a company for you on every corner.
 Why have you sat down?

Come to your senses, listen and hear.
 The joy of union and laughter is coming
 From the throat of your soul
 And has reached the sky.
 Why have you sat alone?

Yesterday morning, heart held the skirt of Soul.
 That Soul, that heart has arrived.
 "Shame on you," it said,
 "Why have you sat and remained?"

Shemseddin is a stately cupboard.
Clap your hands, be enlightened.
Why have you stayed at the bottom of the well?



You are the only One with us from
 The beginning of the beginning, O Love.
 Tell us the secrets, one by one.
 You are in the same house with us.

We were afraid of Your fire.
 That's why we closed our mouth and quit talking.
 What a fire You are.
 What flame You have.

The city of mind has been demolished because of You.
 You are wind for the candle of reason.
 You are wine for the fire worshippers.

You are a friend with friends,
 An enemy with enemies.
 Or right in the middle, resembling them both.

"The words of lovers are fables."
 That's what the wise say.
 If that is so, how can you turn the night into day?

O Beautiful, whose beauty manifests instigation.
 This instigation is Love.
 You are the appearance and result of this love.

O Shemseddin, Sultan of Sultans,
 The one to whom Tebriz gives praise.
 You are the glory, charm and beauty of this earth.



Verse 4011

One who is more beautiful than soul,
 More valuable than eyes to me,
 Whatever I have seen in my soul, I didn't see.
 You are the one who saw.

Yes, you are the one who chose me.
 I am telling this for the sake of this choice:
 In your separation I chose a coffin made of fire.
 I am in it.

Ask my eye, "Who made you a fountain?"
 Ask my stature, "Who bent you like that?"

Ask my soul, "Where did you arrive
 On the road of separation with those iron shoes?"

Also ask him this, "Is there anyone who,
 In charm and beauty, resembles Him?
 Have you heard anything like that in any language?"

Say these words also,
 "If His face is not the Sun,
 How come He broke and scattered
 Sorrow and grief like clouds?"

It is obvious from his smell that
 He has musk in his belly button.
 In which grass land, which pasture have you been?

You must have seen a sky, because you
 Have stayed away from the charmer of the earth.

I understand that you have seen a Joseph
With your eyes and, while peeling an orange,
You cut your hand.

Purpose is Tebriz and Shemseddin.
The rest of them are pretexts.
You draw a line of nothing then turn toward him.



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Have you seen a beauty who has a shiny dress?
His face is more beautiful than the moon.
Have you seen a beauty, a fire, a trouble?

Have you seen eyes which makes man
A hundred thousand times more drunk than himself?
Have you seen a body
That is lighter than the morning breeze?

Success and prosperity are relief for everybody.
Yet success was caught in his air,
Running behind him, asking,
"Have you seen relief?"

Sultans usually look for the bird of fortune,
Yet this bird of fortune is looking for the sultan
To ask if he has seen the bird of fortune.

O sky, tell the truth.
You have been turning all this time.
Have you seen anyone who has that
Kind of face like the sun and moon?

Heart, have you been annihilated in this love?
Or have you seen an existence
In the love of this Absence?

Every cry searches for laughter.
Yet, today, smiles are begging eyes,
"Have you seen such crying?"

Favor and the kindness of separation
Are a kind of plague that burns and kills.
Have you seen any worse plague than separation?

You became soil, scattered around for that suffering.
Have you seen loyalty in that cruelty?

Have you heard a sultan like our master, Shemseddin?
O Tebriz, have you ever seen any
Sultan as great as your sultan, anywhere?



O you, the whole world is only
 A trace of the beauty of His face.
 The main thing is your beauty.
 The rest of them are pretext.

If your face is not Kible
 To the one who makes your painting,
 What was His purpose
 To paint that painting, to build that house?

O beauty, whose curly hair circles our neck,
 Set a nest for the bird of heart in those curls.

A hundred thousand candles have sat around
 Love's oven in hopes of getting a flame to burn,
 To melt down to the bottom.

"How could I reach
 The assembly of the Sultan?" you ask.
 "There is no boundary or limit
 For this, no edge and no corner for that."

Who would do this favor?
 Only Shemseddin who is praised by Tebriz.
 He could lead you to His assembly.
 The way he gave you a tree from a seed.



136.

Verse 4036

O bird catcher, you have set a trap secretly,
And covered the top of that trap,
Which is made by hair, with smoke.

You have killed many thousands of birds like that;
Pulled out their feathers and put them
Over the trap just to be seen and understood.

Your guardian birds are yelling and screaming.
What meanings did you hide in their yells and screams?

You kneaded patience and repentance,
As a shield of protection.
You gave the sharpness of spears
To anger and cruelty.

You put such property in the seven verses¹⁶⁴
Which are repeated in order to be protected
From the enemy without shield and spear.

You prepared a jar full of the wine of meaning
For thirsty birds in the tavern of Your closeness.

For the passenger who walks at night,
The one whom only You know,
You prepared a jar that no cupbearer or drunk
Would ever be able to smell.

You flow with the wave of light
Under the darkness of the eye.
You give the young and old to this world.

In order to write the things of imagination,
Without pen or finger,
You give fingers to the heart.

You give the power of observation
To the heart, to pass through all
The curtains of flesh and nerves of the body.

How wonderful it is that,
You give sight the property of an arrow, to fly away;
And eyebrows like a bow, to throw the arrow.

You give different tempers and distribution to bodies,
That resemble cups of sweet and bitter wines.

That secret wine leaks from the tongue,
And You explain the closed meaning
With the words of tongue.

Every essence and attribute is like a bud,
Its mouth closed.
You made this as a cover for chaste women.

O One who became Soul to the Soul of Soul,
One day you will uncover and open the curtain.

Then the souls who have no patience will see why
You give longing and begging to separation.

Be silent.
Let that Soul tell the whole thing.
Your tricks and your deceits have no end.



Notes

- ¹ Reyhan: Sweet basil.
- ² Isbu: Almost there.
- ³ Zulfehaar: The sword of Iman Ali
- ⁴ Nevruz: First day of spring.
- ⁵ Koran XLVIII 1-2
- ⁶ Keykubad: The Sultan of Sultans, in farsi.
- ⁷ Namaz: Muslim worshipping.
- ⁸ Earth was described as illusionary goods in Koran III-185 / LVII-20.
- ⁹ Muselles: Two thirds evaporated concentrated wine.
- ¹⁰ Zulfekaar: Famous sword of Prophet Ali.
- ¹¹ Golpinarli skipped this gazel in his numbering, we did likewise.
- ¹² Koran III-97
- ¹³ Lebbeyk: Word said as pilgrims turn around Mecca.
- ¹⁴ Merve and Safa: Two hills around Mecca.
- ¹⁵ The name of the places where the ceremony of the Pilgrimage to Mecca takes place.
- ¹⁶ Zat Cihje and Zat-al Arah: Names of two places where pilgrims are covered by woolen cloaks.
- ¹⁷ Makam: Stone where Abraham stayed.
- ¹⁸ Rekat: Unit of Namaz (Muslim worship).
- ¹⁹ Tekbir: Proclaiming the greatness of God in the formula "Allahu Ekber".
- ²⁰ Tawaf: Ceremony of going around Kaaba during pilgrimage to Mecca.
- ²¹ Terviye: The seventh day of the last Arabic month.
- ²² Arafat: Hill near Mecca known as a place of pilgrimage.
- ²³ At Pilgrimage, three times seven stones are thrown to the devil.
- ²⁴ Hafin: Small wall outside of Kaaba.
- ²⁵ Rukn: Corner of Kaaba where Namaz are performed.
- ²⁶ Zemzem: Famous well at the court of Kaaba
- ²⁷ Isfahan: A mode of Near-Eastern music.

- 28 Hicaz: Hicay through Buselik, more modes of Near-Eastern music..
- 29 Maye: Collective names of three modes which end with b, a, and g.
- 30 Shahadet: Pronounces the formula "There is no God but God and Mohammed is the apostle of God."
- 31 Zaloglu Rustem: A legendary hero.
- 32 "I am tired of devils and giants. I am searching for man.": Diogen B.C 413-324.
- 33 Rebab: A stringed instrument.
- 34 Osman: A rebab playeer. Eflaki mentioned a rebab player named Osman twice among the close circle of people around Mevlana.
- 35 "You travel and learn". Koran III,137-VI,2-XII,109-XVI,36-XXII,46-XXVII,69-XXIX,20,169-XXX,9,42-XXXVI,44-XL,82-XLVII,10.
- 36 Nimrud: An impious Chaldean King who cast Abraham into the flames.
- 37 Kevser: The river of Heaven
- 38 "If man obeys woman he will be ruined. Hadis (al Cami V-I p.28)
- 39 Gold of Cafer: Pure gold. Possible name of chemist or Abbasi Vizir Cafer. V. II p.134
- 40 Otag: Big nomad tent.
- 41 "Really I feel rust in my heart. I repent seventy times from God, ask His Mercy. " (Hadis-Cami V-O. p. 87.)
- 42 Moslem custom: Jaws are held together with a band around the head.
- 43 Rustem: Legendary Persian hero
- 44 Koran IX-40
- 45 Tartar: A turkish tribe.
- 46 In the old times, before the Sultan went somewhere, they threw a bar-shot to a large metal plate, announcing his departure.
- 47 Koran XCIII-v.1 "By the morning hours."
- 48 Karun: The legendary rich.
- 49 Koran II-60
- 50 Zulfekaar: Famous sword of Iman Ali.
- 51 The Lion and the Oxen: Signs of the Zodiac.

- 52 Koran X-62: "Verily the friends of Allah are those on whom fear cometh not, nor do they grieve."
- 53 Muselles: When two-thirds of the wine evaporated and became concentrated like cognac-wine. In some religious sects this was regarded as neither commanded nor forbidden.
- 54 Suha: A small star in Ursa Major.
- 55 Burak: Mythological horse in heaven with the face of a woman and the body of a horse.
- 56 Bairam: Religious holiday.
- 57 Iman: Leader in public worship.
- 58 Haram: Forbidden by religion.
- 59 Huseyn: Grandson of the Prophet Muhammed. He was killed by order of Yazid.
- 60 Yazid: The son of Muaviye, King of Kerbela.
- 61 Kadir's Night: The night the Koran came.
- 62 Koran LXXXIII 25-26.
- 63 Nuh-Lut: Two Prophets.
- 64 Kerhiy: Died in 815.
- 65 Ebu-Bekri Sibli: Disciple of Cuneyd, died 945.
- 66 Ebu Yazid Tayfurt Bestami Beyazid: died 874 or 848.
- 67 Friends of the cave: Seven friends and a dog were hidden and slept for three centuries in a cave in order to escape persecution.
- 68 God referred to Adam as Caliph in the Koran.
- 69 Kevser: Fountain in heaven.
- 70 Kil: Fuller's earth, used as a soap in the old times.
- 71 Koran XIV, 33.
- 72 Hacamatci: The one who does the bleeding, cupping.
- 73 "God has bought": Allah had bought from the believers their life and their wealth because the garden would be theirs. Koran IX-III.
- 74 O, Soul at peace, returns to you Lord, content with his good pleasure. Koran LXXXIX-27,28
- 75 Cafer-i Tayyar: The uncle of the Prophet Muhammed. He was killed in war by losing both arms. The Prophet stated that two wings were taking him to heaven. Tayyer (flyer) comes from that.
- 76 This gazel is almost the same as gazel 47.

- 77 Selam: Certain prayer given at the Muslim worship, while sitting.
- 78 Koran XIII,20 - LXXVI, 7.
- 79 Ashab-i Kehf: Friends of the cave, Koran VII-926.
- 80 The Union of Elest: "Am I not your God?" Koran VII-172, 173.
- 81 Burak: A traditional name of the horse which carried Prophet Mohammed for His ascension.
- 82 Zulfekaar: The sword of the Imam Ali.
- 83 Nemrud, King and contemporary of Abraham, claimed of being God. A mosquito got in his nose, then to his brain, grew to bird size. Nemrud hit his head against the walls because of the pain and killed himself.
- 84 Tandir: An oven , made from a hole in the earth.
- 85 Cemshid, Husrev, and Keykubad: Heros of Persian mythology.
- 86 "Terci wants bend": A bond, a tie.
- 87 Two Fersah: An hour's journey.
- 88 Kafdag: A legendary mountain.
- 89 Siddik: Title given to Caliph Abu Bakr.
- 90 Mustafa: The Prophet Muhammed.
- 91 Koran V-92; XIII-40; XVI-35, 82; XXIV 54; XXIX 18; XLII 48; XLIV 12.
- 92 Mustafa: The Prophet Muhammed.
- 93 Safa: The hills of the mountains around Mecca.
- 94 Ferkad: A star in Ursa Minor.
- 95 Rustem: Legendary hero.
- 96 Ahmed: The Prophet Muhammed.
- 97 Hadis (Al Cami II, p. 171.)
- 98 Muhre: Stone, glass bead.
- 99 Muhr i hokka: Earth heaven.
- 100 Koran LCI-6: And when Jesus, Son of Mary, said "Children of Israel I am inded the messenger of God to you, confirming the Torah that is before me, giving good tidings of a messenger who shall come after me, whose name shall be Ahmed" Then, when he brought before them the clear signs, they said, "This is a manifest Sourcery." Arberry-the Koran.

101 Koran XXXVII 6-10 Arberry. "We have adorned the lowest heaven with an ornament, the planets with security from every foward devil. They cannot listen to the Highest Chiefs, for they are pelted from every side, outcast, and theirs is a perpetual torment. Save him who snatches a fragment and there pursueth him with a piercing flame.

102 "Allah is the light of the heavens and the earth. The similitude of His light is a niche wherein is a lamp. The lamp is in a glass. It is as if it were a shining star. This lamp is kindled from a blessed tree, an olive of neither East nor West, whose oil would glow forth of itself, though no fire touched it. Light upon light, Allah guideth unto His light whom He will. And Allah speaketh to mankind in allegories, for Allah knoweth all things."

(Koran XXIV-35)

103 Ad-Semud: Name of tribe which came after the great-grandson of the Prophet Adam.

104 Kaf: Legendary mountain where the Phoenix lives.

105 Shlip: The noise of a drop falling.

106 Gum, gum, gum: A hollow booming noise.

107 Zir: High-pitched sound.

108 Bem: Low note, base, deep sound.

109 Kiran: In the Zodiac, a conjunction of planets.

110 Golpınarlı speculates that this thirty years is the time of Shems departure in 1247 to Mevlana's death in 1273 (approximately 30 years) and indicates this may be one of his last time poems.

111 This gazel was written before Shems departure from Konya.

112 Koran LXXVI-5.

113 Koran I-5.

114 Koran LXXXVI-9 "On the day when hidden thoughts shall be searched out."

115 Koran LXXXII 11-12 "They are great, they write and know everything you do.

116 Koran III-103 "Altogether, hold God's rope strongly."

117 In the old times, an empty pumpkin was used as a water container.

118 Koran CXI-5 "Will have upon her neck a halter of palm fiber."

- 119 "O moon-faced Turk": Synonym of bright, beautiful day, a charmer in literature as it is used in 7th verse.
- 120 Ab: water in Persian.
- 121 Su: water in Turkish.
- 122 Sozdes: The one to whom you can communicate.
- 123 Ferhad: Character in Persian love story.
- 124 Hodja: Teacher.
- 125 Koran LXXXIX 27, 28. But Ah! Thou Soul at Peace! Return unto thy Lord, content in His good pleasure.
- 126 Khadis (Ahadis-i Mesnevi V.3-23) "Absence is my praising. I boast of that."
- 127 Simya: To show an illusion.
- 128 This verse should be numbered 3571. Golpinarli miscounted.
- 129 Corotu: Seeds of *Negella Sative*. Used to flavor shortbread.
- 130 Azer: Mentioned in Koran VI, 74, may be the father of Abraham. Sometimes mentioned as the name of an idol maker.
- 131 Kevser: River in Heaven.
- 132 Elham: The first chapter of the Koran.
- 133 Ayet: Verse of the Koran.
- 134 "From the evil of blowers (feminine) upon knots." Koran CXIII-4. Common practice of witchcraft in Arabia for women to tie knots in a cord and blow upon them with an imprecation.
- 135 Babil and Samiri: See Koran II-102.
- 136 Lake of Hizir: Koran XVIII Story of Moses and Hizir.
- 137 Koran LXXXIX-28.
- 138 Was he thirty years old when he wrote this, or was it thirty years after he had fallen in love? (Golpinarli)
- 139 Pure valuable gold.
- 140 Kafdag: Legendary mountain where the Phoenix stays.
- 141 Slaves, at one time, had their ears pierced and an earring inserted to identify them as slaves.
- 142 Moses, Pharaoh and Samiri: Samaritans
- 143 Kafir: Infidel, as well as cover; indirectly means hair. (when hair has fallen, it covers the face.)
- 144 This poem is in Arabic.

- 145 Kalender: An old Sufi sect.
- 146 Azer: Idol maker.
- 147 Ney: A reed flute.
- 148 Ney: A reed flute.
- 149 "We offered the gift to the sky, the earth, the mountain, they hesitated to take it. They were afraid. We gave it to humans. Koran XXXIII,72.
- 150 Ten Batman: A measure of weight.
- 151 Hayber: A fort near Medina. It was conquered by the Prophet Mohammed.
- 152 Ehram: A woolen cloak worn by the pilgrims at Mecca.
- 153 Koran LVI-33.
- 154 Hadis Ahadis-i Mesnevi. (P. 61, 62)
- 155 Abu-Hurayra: Disciple of Prophet Mohammed (d.677) The name was given to him because he liked cats. He carried a saddle-bag and when someone wanted something he would put in his hand and pull it out.
- 156 Ney: A reed flute.
- 157 In the old times horseshoes would be put on the animal in reverse to lose any trackers.
- 158 This gazel was most likely written after Shems second departure
- 159 Kafdag: Legendary mountain where the Phoenix lives.
- 160 Koran LIII-8,9.
- 161 Husrev, Sencer: Names of great kings.
- 162 Semender: An imaginary small animal that's supposed to live in fire.
- 163 Kubad: Great Sultan.
- 164 Koran I

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Whoever drinks the wine of secrets
From this glass will be annihilated
At the union of the Beloved.
He will go beyond himself with ecstasy.

Mevlâna Celâleddîn Rumi

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